THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

LITTLE JAMIE.

BY HARRIET SMEAD.

When the sunlight fair is wreathing
Earth with beauties rare,
And song and fragrance breathing
Their sweetness on the air;
When the silver waves are laughing
In the smiles of golden day,
I think of laughing Jamie
'Mong the birds and flowers at play.

When the crimson shades are falling
'Round the mountains in the west,
And the vesper bells are calling
The soul to prayer and rest;
When all the earth seems lying
So near to gloom and bliss,
I think of Jamie dying
On a sunset hour like this.

When on twilights breast reposes
Hills and blooming plain,
When sleep has closed the roses
And bowed the yellow grain;
When the dews are softly weeping
For the brightness that has fled,
I think of Jamie sleeping
With the cold and silent dead.

When the touch of morning's fingers
Awakes the mortal throng,
And while yet the dawn-star lingers,
Are wedded light and song;
While the trembling air is ringing
To earth's triumphal tone,
I think of Jamie singing
With the angels 'round the throne.

Lansing, Mich., June, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CUPID STUNG BY A BEE.

Paraphrase—From the Greek of Anacreon.

BY A. H. F.

When Cupid once lay for repose
Upon a bed where bloomed a rose,
He knew not that a slumb'ring bee
Was in its leafy secresy;
And when the bee with vengeful art
Thrust out its venom-bearing dart,
Inflicting on the child a sting,
It flew away on buzzing wing.
Then Cupid screamed aloud with pain,
And bit his finger, too, in vain,
And partly running, partly flying,
He came to Venus, sadly crying:
"I'm ruined mother, I'm destroyed,
My flesh with poisoned blood is cloyed,
I'm conscious now that I am dying;
For I've received a deadly sting
From some revengeful little thing;
It was a serpent on the wing,
Which, once, I heard, it seems to me,
An artless rustic call a bee."
Then answered Venus to her child
Which thus had screamed, with suff'ring wild,
Ah Cupid! if the wild-bee's sting
From *thee* such bitter cries can wring,
O, how acute the pain must be,
Felt by the heart that's stung by thee!

Brunswick, Peoria co., Ill.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE;

Or, Lights and Shadows of the Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY FRANCIS FULLER BARRITT.

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

When Nymphea was gone, Eleanor turned to her husband with an air of vexation unusual with her: "I think you might have spared Nymphea," she said.

"What do you mean by that? I am not aware of inflicting any injury on Mrs. Greame."

"You must have been aware your tone and manner were rude and offensive. I would be glad, indeed, to have one of my friends left unoffended, as I cannot live altogether without any; and Nymphea, especially, is essential to my happiness."

"You have quite too many friends, Mrs. Lightfoot; and all of them more essential to your happiness than I am. It would be far more creditable to you if you had fewer," in a tone of suppressed grievance.

"It is my turn now to ask you what is meant, Herbert?—and I am resolved that you shall tell me. You have kept me in this state of anxiety and uncertainty as long as I will submit to it. You may well stare at me, for you are not accustomed to being resisted; but know now, that I will for the future resist your injustice. The blood in my veins is not milk-and-water. I have borne and forborne, have entreated and suffered, as long as there is any reason or desirableness in it. The more I suffer from you of injustice, insult, ill-temper and reproach, the more you heap upon me, as if your aim was to drive me to desperation. Know then, that I *am* desperate. I cannot forever swallow tears, and brace my nerves up against agony. If you have the heart of a man, remove this burden that is upon me, and let me live!'

Like drops of fiery rain these words fell upon Herbert's brain, and for a moment his better feelings were in the ascendancy. He took her hand and drew her, slightly resisting, upon his bosom, where she lay sobbing but tearless.

"Eleanor, I am a wretch, a miserable, cowardly wretch; and am not worthy of you. I did wrong ever to marry you, for we are as unlike as Heaven and hell. But I did marry you—you are my wife—and you must overlook my faults. I am so miserable with my own jealous, rankling passions, half the time, that I wish I was dead. You are brilliant and beautiful, and men take notice of you. You go into society more than I do, and with other men, and some low fellows joke me about it; and I am fool enough to make irrational replies. A fellow asked me to-day 'how long Pinkney and I had had the same wife.' And Smoothly puts in *his* sly insinuations, maddening me with his devilry." Herbert sank his face upon Eleanor's neck, and wept like a child.

"Herbert," began Eleanor, calmed down by his penitence, "are you jealous of me?"

"No, so help me God! There never was a purer woman lived."

"Then why did you not strike the man to earth who asked you so impertinent a question?"

"I do not know—because I am a fool, perhaps."

"Then you *are* a fool, Herbert Lightfoot—a poor, pitiful fool!" cried Eleanor, darting away from him, and standing defiantly gazing on him, crouching weakly on his seat. "Not only do you suffer men to thrust such insults in your face, but you make companions of these very men. You neglect to vindicate your own and your wife's honor; but, on the contrary, invite them to make a by-word of my name, by your own conduct; then come home and reproach me, openly, and covertly in the presence of those who may go and repeat it. What sort of husband are you? It were a thousand times better I had none, for then my *friends* might interfere in my behalf when slanderers used my name lightly. Now, nothing can help me. No one will step between me and my husband, and *he* is against me. You say I go into society more than you. That is true; and as much by your request as by my inclination. That I go with other men is a natural consequence, and I did not be esteemed worthy of remark did behave like a gentleman toward them and

There is no lady here who does not have more attention than I from single gentlemen—therefore it cannot be that which makes the difference. You dare not say that it is anything in my deportment. The reason is obvious. You confound and embarrass me at every movement; then turn and rail against me. The first week I spent with you here, at the hotel, you invited me into the parlor to take a hand at whist, with your friends; and when others had come in, pressed Col. French to take your hand, and went out of the room. Another and another dropped in. I looked eagerly to see you return. But when you did not come, I excused myself and retired to my room, where I found you fast asleep in bed! Such is the protection you give me—leaving me in the public parlor with a dozen gentlemen, to go to bed, without hint or explanation. It is such—one would think—*studied* provocation, you are constantly giving a lawless and mixed public to oring me into disrepute. I do not blame them—they doubtless think they have occasion. It is *you* who are to blame; and I now declare to you that I will not forgive it any longer!"

Eleanor's indignation had spent itself; and so had Herbert's humility.

"You can do as you damn please about it; I shall not undertake to keep men from saying insulting things of you. If I did, I should have my hands full. You had better behave yourself in such a manner as to give no occasion," saying which, he went out and walked down town.

Eleanor laid down on the lounge and tried to quiet herself. She was terribly excited; too much excited to weep—but her throat was swollen up so she could scarcely breathe without gasping. She laid there but a few moments—she could not keep still—then arose and went up to the top of the hill. It was a most glorious sunset. Banners of crimson and orange and bronze waved up from the western horizon; and detached rosy pennons fluttered here and there over the whole Heavens. A tint of carmine incarnadined the air along the eastern bluffs; and the mirror-like Missouri reflected the brilliant atmosphere. On the plain below, busy life was moving about in a gay idleness. Carriages and horsemen dashed along the streets; women and children flitted about doors and windows, or promenaded the balconies. The laughs of boys and girls, from a farm-house just outside the town limits, came borne to her on the clear evening air. The world seemed a pleasant world to look at, but she was sick of it. Her heart ached, her limbs were weary. The past was overcast, and the future utterly dark. Oh, for her dead father and mother! Oh, for her dear, manly brother, who was thousands of miles away upon the sea! How were her girlish dreams wrecked!

She thought, "What a thing it is to be a woman! God may make you never so pure and fair; He may give you never so high desires, and pleading, tender human wants; He may make you love all holy and beautiful things, and make you languish for truth and kindness—and what does it avail you? A man, as far beneath you as the stars in the sea are beneath the stars in Heaven, may breathe upon your name, and you are lost. Or he may come, and by blandishments and counterfeit virtues win your life out of your own hands, and trample it under his feet. You are not your own—you are a miserable, despised slave!"

Thinking such thoughts in the impotence of her sorrow and resentment, she sat until the stars came out. Then seeing a dark form approaching the house, rose and returned to it. Herbert was there before her. She lighted a fire and prepared the evening meal. When it was set upon the table, Herbert refused to partake. Neither could she eat, for the swelling in her throat ached intensely.

There was no word spoken between them that night; and the morning brought no peace-making. Eleanor's resentment was real and lasting. If she could only know that he realized his wrong, and would do differently; but she could not know it. He had humbly acknowledged his unkindness many times ere their honeymoon was passed; it had grown more and more decided after every acknowledgment, as if in revenge for having humoled itself. He was sullen and unsocial now from habit. Why flatter herself with hopes or expectations? Her hope and confidence were dead.

Where could she fly? Alas, where *would* she fly? To whom would she confess her disappointment and degradation?—for degraded she felt herself to be by her uncongenial marriage-bond. It was useless to struggle against her manifest destiny. To conceal it was all the effort now for her to make—to let common courtesy stand in the place of every wished-for tenderness and endearment was all she could do—was her inevitable lot. Alas, even the comfort of common courtesy was often lacking, and her husband answered her with anger or maintained a contemptuous silence.

Eleanor, although she had not altered her mind about the provocation, began to regret that she had spoken so passionately to Herbert. She thought of all the "advice to wives" she had ever read; and although her proud spirit revolted at the abjectness of the duties imposed upon her in those delectable counsels, she feared to do wrong by leaving so great a breach unsealed between them; and, therefore, when Herbert was about to leave the house, she went up to him and said:

"I beg your pardon, Herbert, for speaking so sharply last evening."

Roughly shaking off the hand she had laid upon his arm, "You need not trouble yourself about making up," he replied, sullenly, and passed out of doors.

This was the end of Eleanor's self-sustained hopefulness. She saw and acknowledged the presence of the far-away doom to escape which she had laid down all her old loves and pleasures; and she had failed.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME STARTLING EVENTS.

The Fourth of July was celebrated with patriotic zeal in City South. The Tree of Liberty spread its sheltering branches over the multitude; and from every bough dropped the dew of liberty, in the form of "Old Bourbon." The Goddess of Liberty sat aloft on the top of the military company's flag-staff, inspiring her defenders with great enthusiasm, causing them to applaud most vociferously her imaginary oracles.

A long arbor of green willows was erected under the shadow of the Atlantic Hotel, where a magnificent dinner was served. Also, a canopy of the same over the rostrum in front of the Atlantic. The balcony was filled with ladies—the lower verandah with gentlemen. The military were grouped gracefully about the stand—the band where its discourse would sound best; and a flask of "Bourbon" was in every patriotic pocket. Such were the preparations for celebrating our national holiday.

Gov. Choate was the orator of the day, and his speech was generously applauded. Three times three cheers were given, and three more for Mrs. Choate, who sat conspicuous in the balcony. Other addresses, both grave and humorous, followed the Governor's; and then came the dinner, after which there was a pretty general *siesta*, in anticipation of the ball which was to come off in the evening.

To this ball Eleanor prevailed upon Herbert to take her; not that she desired to go, for she did not; but that she wanted the public to see her for once receiving attention from her husband. And in this she was gratified. Herbert, whose spirits were somewhat cleared up by the events of the day, behaved with great good humor to everybody, and especially to Col. Pinkney. The result of this amendment was to silence for the time any disposition to scandal which former indiscretions had induced. As it was the first time the ladies had met Mr. Lightfoot, except at home or at Mrs. Greame's, they were delighted with his pleasantry and sociability; and Eleanor received a number of compliments upon her husband's agreeableness. As the pressure was thus removed from her feelings, her natural buoyancy of heart in a great degree returned, and the Lightfoots were once more voted "very agreeable people." But the Fourth of July was the finishing stroke to Mr. Osborne. He died of delirium tremens, and was buried the same week, pitied by some, regretted by none.

The "Commodore," as Eleanor had called her, now gave the order for a visit to Mrs. Howard; the arrangement being to spend the day. Eleanor now had no boarder except Mr. Smoothly, and he was going to ride about the country that day; so she sent Herbert to the hotel, and felt quite at leisure. The morning was beautiful, and Henry and his farm-wagon were early at the door of the Dove Cote, and a joyful "good morning' greeted its mistress from the Valley Home party.

Bellevue occupied a sloping hill-side, and fronted the river, with a semicircular opening in the trees about it. Between the house and the river were two benches of rock, covered with a deep soil, which supported shrubbery in profusion. On the first grew a perfect thicket of gooseberries, raspberries and grapes—the first two just in their season of ripeness. On the second, elevated above high water, grew only fine grass and some tall elders. This was a beautiful walk in the afternoon, being overshadowed by the high first bank, and lying close to the river, whose murmur, with the seclusion and coolness, induced the serenest of reveries. Therefore Mrs. Howard had named it "the way of pleasantness."

Behind the house, the hill rose to a steep ridge, and, except where they had been cut away in spots, was covered with hardwood trees with short stems, and spreading, knotty branches, and the wild plum, crab apple, artichoke and other wild fruits. The road approached the house either from the hill ridge by a crooked and dangerous road, or from below, there being another road on a level with the second bench spoken of, which, running a mile farther south, made the circuit of that particular ridge and came out to meet the other in a creek valley another mile to the west. Any way of approaching Bellevue was difficult and hazardous; but the spot justified the hazard when once arrived at, and merited its name indeed.

In coming to Bellevue, Henry had come by the ridge road, and the party were at once delighted and terrified by its wildness. The gloomy-looking ravines running down toward the river, so silent and mysterious, seemed the hiding-place of evil spirits, whether mortal or immortal; or sometimes when they opened widely at the bottom and showed a glimpse of the river, they were like beautiful green vistas, where even the air slept in serenity. The road along the ridge was a succession of sharp pitches, and being very narrow and overgrown with small trees, whose branches protruded inconveniently, the dodging and bowing, the laughing and scolding never ceased, and when the party arrived at their destination they were well waked up by excitement

When within half a mile of Bellevue, Nymphea exclaimed:

"What a wild place, Henry! Are you sure we have the right road?"

"Oh yes, madame; this is quite familiar to me. I have been accustomed to these hills since I was a child. My father lived just below Mr. Howard's place," and he trotted along with the facility of good level driving.

"There, madame, is the first track of Mormon emigration in the Territory. Down that ravine was their road to the river—all overgrown now—and along this trail we have just come, their endless caravan dragged its slow length. No wonder these ruts are deep. After them came a still greater caravan of California gold-hunters. You may think it strange, madame, but we were happier then than we are now—we frontier people. Plenty we had for our wants, and no anxiety or unfriendliness. Since civilization is pouring in upon us, and we have a Legislature to make our laws, and officers to execute them, there is far less peace and comfort. Once, a few Indian traders and half breeds and renegade Mormons lived here very quietly and neighborly, helping one another, and having no strife or jealousy as they now have. There is hardly room enough left for such as we; and I have been thinking I should go upon a hunt with the tribe next week, to get a breath of fresh air. Look there, and there, and there!" pointing to several hill-tops crowned with Indian graves. "Those are the graves of my people, which no longer we own. Our land is sold; and every vestige of the burial of our chiefs will soon be removed by the destructive plow of civilization. Madame, my white blood impels me to love refinement, but my red blood urges me more strongly to a love of freedom!"

"Well, Henry," answered Nymphea, much moved by the glowing earnestness of his manner, "if we give you leave to go upon a hunt, promise not to let your enemies take your scalp, for we should not like to part with you as soon as that."

"Thank you, madame; our warriors are brave if the Sioux *are* our enemies." This was said with a pride not warranted by truth, for Henry's people were few, and dreaded the Sioux with good reason; but an Indian is sure to be something of a braggart, and Henry was no exception where courage was in question. Arrived at Bellevue, there was great rejoicing among the children. A slender lad came out to do the honors to Nymphea's two and their pretty nurse.

"Why, this is my little friend!" cried Eleanor, astonished. "My dear boy, I have not seen you for more than a year; and you never came to see me, as you promised."

"Mother was sick afterward," said he, apologetically; "and since then *so many things have happened*."

"True enough," answered Eleanor, laughing; "and one very important thing has happened; and I know your mother now, as you promised I should."

"You are the lady, then, Durand has talked so much about," said Mrs. Howard. "He quite fell in love with you, I believe."

Eleanor kissed her young admirer, at which he blushed as well as smiled. The meeting with this child brought vividly up the recollection of that memorable morning when alone, unwelcomed, ignorant and bewildered, this little fellow had helped her out of her difficulties. For a moment something of the old feeling of bitter neglect rushed upon her heart, but she speedily dismissed it, and turned to the enjoyment of the present pleasure.

After showing them her house, which was quite comfortable, Mrs Howard yielded to the wishes of her guests, and allowed them to make themselves at home on the grass under the trees until dinner-time, when Mr. Howard would be back from town, where he went every morning. The children broke away from all restraint, except a promise not to go near the river, and went scampering over the hill-side with shouts and laughter.

"What do you think of my babies?" asked Mr. Howard, when he came home.

"Oh, they are very pretty children," answered Nymphea, archly, "but 'every crow,' &c.—you know the rest. I had an offer for Rose Blanche the other day that quite surprised me. As I sat with her upon my lap, intent on some new trick, an immense Indian stalked into the room, wearing a very red blanket, and having on his head a wreath of flowers, and in his hand a paper fan, gaily painted. Walking up to the mirror, he deliberately surveyed himself, and was turning to go out when he caught sight of Rose, and stopped to admire her. He was very flattering in his demonstrations, and showed me a silver dollar I might have for her. When I told him her name was White Rose, he was very much pleased, and said it was 'good.'"

"Yes, they are extravagantly fond of white children, which does not quite agree with the adage you just quoted. If any one had told me, over a year ago, that I should find a home and wife and children in the new country to which I was going, I should not have believed him certainly. Eleanor, do you recollect the conversation we had, one winter evening, in Nymphea's parlor? What ideas we then all had of our future! I venture to say not one of us has realized what he or she expected to—but affairs have taken an unlooked-for course with us all. Truly,

"'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will!'"

"Please explain," said his wife, mischievously.

"I mean that characters, as well as circumstances, develope differently from what we expect of them; judging by the antecedents of another condition of society. If I wanted to put a man to the test, I would place him in a frontier country, in the midst of the speculation, recklessness and vice with which it is sure to abound, and if he came out of it unscathed, I would trust him to all lengths."

"My idea of a new country, before living in one, was a double log house, rough, but warm and substantial; neighbors upon an equal footing, and very kind and brotherly; slow but sure acquirement of riches or honors, as the candidate pleased; and much enjoyment of home. Instead of which, we have here thin plank houses; haste, indifference and unkindness, in pecuniary and social affairs; and recklessness in everything. Still I would not like to go back—at least before I had realized some of my wishes," said Eleanor.

"Your wishes will be a longer time in realizing than we thought; but never despair; I have high hopes for you yet. Here is Mrs. Greame means to go to Washington. I doubt if she thought of that before she left her old home. And here is Lida—come out to find a husband, and is not married yet, though surrounded with young men! So much for one year; I wonder what another will bring forth."

While they were talking, Lida strolled off, saying she would look for the children, who had gone out of sight. Finding them safely amusing themselves among the bushes, she continued her walk down the "way of pleasantness," thinking her girl-thoughts as she went. What was her surprise to find herself suddenly brought face to face with Mr. Smoothly, at a turn of the walk. She ejaculated his name in a tone of half affright, pausing, as if to retreat; but he caught her hand.

"Do not run away from me, Miss Greame—I have been expecting you here."

"How could you know I was near here?' withdrawing her hand in embarrassment.

"A presentiment told me; and now you have come, I have something to say to you. Sit down, if you please, on this rock, and let me ask you a question. How would you like to be a minister's wife?"

He was gazing into her face very intently, with a look something between expectation and assurance, evidently not prepared to be rejected; but her answer came clear and decided: "Not at all."

"And why?"

"Because I am not fit to be a minister's wife."

"But you must become fit. You must give up parties, and dress, and gay company; and cultivate sobriety, modesty and piety. You must not go out riding with young men, nor stay away from church on the Sabbath. You must teach in the Sabbath-school, and attend class-meeting. If you can do this, you may marry a minister as well as anybody else."

"But I do not wish to do so. I love society, and do *not* love Sabbath-school teaching; therefore I believe I am far better fitted for the first than the last vocation."

"Of course," insinuatingly, "I do not expect you to give up the follies of the world without a little regret; but when the change is to elevate your position so greatly, the sacrifice of little vanities ought not to make you hesitate."

Lida arched her eyebrows slightly at the idea of the proposed elevation.

"You are now daily associating with men of very bad morals, and in danger of becoming interested in some of them, which would fix your soul's destiny for evil, in all probability; while by uniting your fate with one who has chosen Heaven for his portion you may be eternally saved. To be the wife of a minister is highly honorable, and ought to be sought after by ladies, young and handsome, like yourself."

"I am not ambitious, Mr. Smoothly, and my honor and my salvation will have to arise from some different circumstances than those you mention."

"Then you do not understand what is for your interest. If you could know the sin of refusing such opportunities of becoming useful and happy in the world, you would not incur the punishment."

"Are ministers' wives the only useful and happy women in the world, Mr. Smoothly? And are all others punished for being in other situations?"

"No; only those who have rejected the offer of so high an office."

"If I feel myself incapable of properly filling an office, am I not justifiable in rejecting it? I trust, if ever I marry, I shall have a good man and Christian gentleman for my husband, and from him I may learn that which I am not now capable of teaching others. Until then, I am content to follow the golden rule of charity and good-will, without striving after any religious distinction."

"I am glad to hear you say that you desire a good man for your husband; but where will you find one, but in the Church? I had hoped, Miss Greame, to have had the charge given me of training your youthful mind; and that, as my wife, you would have secured that everlasting welfare, which, in your thoughtlessness, I fear you will forever forfeit. Do not allow yourself to decide at once, but take time to reflect upon the great advantages to be secured by accepting my proposal."

The fringed lids which had hovered, downcast, over Lida's eyes, through the whole of this conversation, from girlish diffidence of the subject, at the words "as my wife," were suddenly raised, and the black orbs fixed in a mute astonishment on the speaker's face till he ended. Then a blush, which brought the roses to her cheek, left its pink stain for a moment on brow and neck, and the eyelids drooped again, without her having thought of answering the remark last uttered. Misunderstanding her confusion, Mr. Smoothly's crafty eyes smiled triumphantly.

"I will not urge you any farther on this subject at present, but trust that you will think better of it eventually. If you would give me one kiss, in token of encouragement?' and he approached nearer to Lida, as if not doubting her consent.

"Mr. Smoothly!" she cried, in a terrified voice; and there her utterance failed her, for she could not think of any words to express her surprise and disgust. She took refuge in precipitate flight, as being the only thing she could do, and was almost out of hearing before he thought of pursuing her, which he did, however.

Lida, hearing him puffing along behind her, before she reached the path which led up the bank, gave a real feminine scream.

"For God's sake, don't scream, I only want to speak to you," he called after her, in a hoarse whisper. "I only want to tell you not to mention my proposal to any one. Stop a minute, wont you?"

But Lida ran on, and just as she reached the path to the house he overtook her, quite out of breath and perspiring at every pore.

"Miss Greame, I must—ah—ask you not to speak—ah—of my proposal to you—ah. My reputation as a minister might be injured—ah—if it were known. Indeed, I would say," recovering breath, "that it would not be quite safe for you to do so. A word to the wise is sufficient;" and, turning back, he just escaped being observed by Mr. Howard, who, hearing Lida's scream, was coming to see what was the cause of her alarm.

"What is it, Lida?" he asked. "A rattlesnake or a wolf?"

She did not answer, but sank down on a ledge of rock to rest.

"Perhaps I had better go and see," he continued; but she pulled him back by the arm, and said, "oh no, don't go," in just such a way as piqued his curiosity, and determined him to see what was the trouble. Coming back in a few moments, his face was white with anger.

"Was it that scoundrel of a Smoothly, Lida? What did he say to you? Tell me quick, before he gets off the premises."

"Oh, nothing, nothing; I was foolish to scream as I did."

"But young ladies do not scream at meeting a man if he is polite to them. Let me know what he said or did."

"I cannot, indeed."

"Will you tell Mrs. Howard or Mrs. Greame, if not me?"

"O, no, I do not want either of them to know anything about it; so please don't mention Mr. Smoothly to them at all."

"Certainly not, if you request me so; but I am sorry if you have any *confidences* with the person in question."

"Mr. Howard, you are severe," said Lida, mortified by the construction he had purposely put upon her reticence with regard to her adventure. "I am sure you cannot suspect me of having confidences with Mr. Smoothly. If you will promise not to repeat it to my brother or Nymphea, or any one, indeed, I will tell you what occurred."

"Never, without your permission, Lida."

"Well, then, he met me in the 'way of pleasantness' and began to converse about my marrying a minister, telling me it was my duty, and so on; but I did not perceive his intention at first; because he was so bold about it, thought he must be talking on general principles of the duties of any young ladies, or of mine as an example; and I answered him accordingly. But when he came to what I could be as *his wife*, my astonishment overcame every other emotion but indignation, and the power of speech beside."

"He thought—

'She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.'

Eh, Lida? But that did not make you scream?"

"No; it was when he made as if he would kiss me, and I ran away from him, and he ran after me. When I heard him coming close behind me, I screamed—and that's all."

"Not quite, Lida. Why did he run after you?"

"Because I ran away from him," answered Lida, laughing.

Mr. Howard looked at her gravely. "Do not conceal anything, Lida; it is best you should tell it."

"He ran after me to warn me not to tell of his proposal—and now I've told of it already."

"He warned you, did he? The rascally preacher! Well, Lida, never speak to him again; and if ever he approaches you, I will teach him to threaten, if you let me know of it. Let us return to the house; and trust me to keep your counsels."

Lida, whose fright was only momentary, felt more disposed to laugh at the recollection of her obese lover's trepidation than to apprehend anything from his threat; yet she wished to escape any scene that might arise from having the facts repeated to her friends; and hence her request to Mr. Howard. Though usually reserved with strangers, she was not timid or nervous, as much as most girls are.

Mr. Howard made some trifling apology for her alarm, and the incident was apparently forgotten.

After the children had tired themselves out at play—which was not until nightfall—and their elders had visited till they were alarmed at the lateness, Henry, who had been to see his brothers, returned, and they set out for home by a misty moonlight. The ladies preferred walking to the top of the hill, and were accompanied thus far by Mr. and Mrs. Howard.

"Drive slow, Henry," cautioned Mr. Howard, as he bid the party good night. The day had been warm and still, for this climate, and the light of the moon shone pale and ghostly through a haze of fleecy waite clouds. It was one of those nights when we look for elves and ghouls, and other fairy folk. The wildness and lonesomeness of the road added to the effect of the uncertain light, and the silence continued unbroken by conversation for some time. No sound was heard but the dusty tread of the horses' feet, the clicking of the harness, and the soft rolling of the well-set wheels. Suddenly the horses shied and snorted.

"What's that?" all asked in a breath.

"Only a wolf, I guess," answered Henry.

"No. I saw a man lying flat on the ground," said Nymphea.

"It did look like a man, in a linen coat and dark pantaloons," Eleanor agreed.

"Why should he be lying on the ground in that way?' asked Lida, who secretly was a little nervous, because she thought of some one who had worn such a dress that day. Just then they drove through one of those tree-embowered dingles so frequent on that road and as they were going down the descent at an easy trot, though all was darkness, (Henry could not drive carefully,) Nymphea uttered a smothered exclamation, and again all was silent until they emerged from the shadow.

"What made you cry out, madame," asked Henry, slackening the speed.

"Some one grasped my arm as we passed by those bushes, I am sure, for the hand slipped over my elbow as I was drawn away from it."

"Was it not the bushes brushing against your arm that you felt?"

"The bushes could not have grasped my arm," said Nymphea, considerably alarmed. "I hope those horse-thieves who have infested the country have not harbored in these dark ravines. Get out into the open prairie as fast as you can, Henry, for I am really afraid."

Lida began to laugh. "It was I who grasped your arm," she said. "Ninette had fallen asleep, and, in descending the hill, was in danger of going over the side of the wagon. I put out my hand in the dark to catch her, and caught you before I did her."

This explanation restored composure, and the excitement being past, their courage began to revive.

"Several years ago," said Henry, "a singular occurrence happened on this ridge. My father had a man employed to drive a team between our farm and City North, where the Mormons were then quartered, hauling corn to sell. My oldest brother was engaged in the same business. One evening, on his return from City North in a violent thunder-storm, my brother overtook this man somewhere near here, standing bareheaded beside his team, one of which had been killed by a stroke of lightning. Louis addressed some questions to him, which he answered in a rambling way, pointing to the camp on the east side of the river. The storm was terrific, and Louis hastened on, telling the man to leave the wagon and follow him with the live horse. But morning came, and the man did not; nor has anything been seen of him from that day to this. When my father went to look for him he found the horses just as Louis had described them, but no driver was to be found, nor any traces of him."

"Strange. What did your father conjecture about him?"

"He could only guess the lightning had deranged his intellect, and that he might have wandered into the river; but he never knew."

When the family reached home the children were all fast asleep, the others envying them their freedom from ghostly fancies.

The following week was one of great excitement. A war was raging between the owners of a town-site and some jumpers, who had taken possession of the only house erected on it, and held it and the claim against all threats of expulsion by the enraged owners. After several days of menace and defiance, the shareholders started *en posse*, armed for the conflict. But they had not calculated on the daring of the jumpers, who had the advantage of being inside the walls, which served for a fort, and from which they fired on the advancing party without regard to consequences. At the first fire one man fell, instantly killed, and several others were wounded. The party then retreated, bearing off the dead man, under a heavy fire. Public indignation ran high in City South, and Lynch law was talked of seriously. The wiser portion of the community endeavored to advocate the more regular course of legal justice. How the matter would turn out was not known for a day or two; but one morning it was reported that the four men who had committed the murder were nowhere to be found. They were left in close confinement, but the doors of their prison had been forced and the men taken away, irons and all. It was said, though nobody could be found who *knew* the truth of it, that they were taken out, manacled, and cast into the river. One more terrible secret the turbid waters of the Missouri held in their depths which human eye could not penetrate. And, as if the fates had decided upon a full chapter of horrors, Henry Tontine was brought in from the hunt dead—killed and scalped by a Sioux. The tribe all came down from their reservation to bury him beside his family; and great were their lamentations over him. Henry had many friends to regret him out from among his relations, for he was talented, brave, generous, and tolerably welleducated. Poor Emily fainted at his grave. The family at Valley Home would have taken the young widow to live with them, but she preferred going with her own people; and the farm-house was deserted, and Nymphea had lost a faithful attendant—gone to the silent land.

In the affray at the new town, Gerald had been slightly wounded in the arm—a just sufficient hurt to make Dr. Cole order him to keep quietly at home for two or three weeks. Those two or three weeks of lounging about, and peevishness that required constant humoring from somebody, brought about between the young people that understanding Nymphea had desired.

Taking advantage of the many delicate attentions Lida lavished upon him as an invalid to construe them into signs of a tenderer interest, Gerald had proposed and been rejected. Great was his astonishment that the wound in his arm did not unclose and bleed his life away in reproach to her insensibility! Why had she nursed him up so carefully, only to make him wish he had been shot dead? He would die yet! He would fret himself into a fever and expire before her eyes!

But in spite of these intentions to the contrary, Gerald recovered thoroughly, and affairs went on at Valley Home pretty much as formerly. When the patients were all comfortably convalescent, Dr. Cole surprised everybody by going over to City East very quietly, one day, and bringing home a fair young bride, who immediately made friends with everybody—though some malicious persons said the two young ladies of City South were very properly offended at this slight to their perfections—a slander which subsequent events showed to be quite groundless; but to suppose that these same "malicious persons" could let so good an opportunity for a display of wit pass by unimproved, would be doing them an injustice, as well as virtually depriving society of its leaven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BORROWER.

A PARISH CLERK'S STORY.

For twenty miles around Bentholme there was nothing but talk about Squire Sigister's quarrel with his son and heir, young Mr. Robert, such a jolly young gentleman as you don't meet every day. He was quite the life of the neighborhood. All this happened when London was ten times as far away from us as it is now, and people hadn't taken so much to papers; though as for politics, we were glad enough to read about battles and that. So concerning young Mr. Robert, it was understood that it might be partly the young gentleman's fault, but before anybody knew anything of the case, everybody agreed that the Squire had been hard on him. So the news of the split between the old and the young one caused plenty of conversation, you may be sure. When we heard what he *had* done, we decided that it would be the best for him if he did go down on his marrowbones, but it was pretty certain that he would not. For Mr. Robert, he also could be stiff when he pleased—he was a chip!

But I must tell you. The fact was, Mr Robert, as was generally known, had for a very long time been what is called sweet upon Susan Dawson, and she was something to be sweet upon; a plump, open-faced young lass, not over-vain, and sensible; though, of course, one couldn't think that, with her talking of one day marrying young Mr. Robert, which she did, till her father, being one of the Squire's tenants, properly stopped it, not before it came to the Squire's ear though. Talk of electric telegraphs! Village gossips used to be just as quick in the conveying of intelligence, and gave you a great deal more at a time. So the Squire, who wanted Mr. Robert to marry one of his own class, he on with his top boots and his round hat, and down he goes to farmer Dawson.

"Dawson," says he, "I hear that boy of mine hangs about your doors a good bit. You'd better see to the locks and bolts. He's a sharp fellow, and don't give his time for nothing."

"Squire," says the farmer, "if he chooses to act scarecrow outside there, I've no help for it; but I'll take care he don't get to be a fixture inside."

"Keep a sharp eye on your daughter, Dawson," says the Squire.

"One in a family's enough, Squire," says the farmer. And he must have spoken heavily, for his niece, Martha Green, had gone away in a bad manner out of that very house where he sat. Some said it was Mr. Robert who had beguiled the poor girl, and was now at the same game with her cousin; others thought better of him as to that, and were sure that it was his college friend, Mr. Danby, who had been seen about with her during his visits at the Squire's. She left farmer Dawson's house after one of these visits. Mr. Robert was away at the time, and that gave a color to what was said against him. But his friends did not believe it, if his enemies did.

Now, when Mr. Robert found the farmer's door banged in his face, he was mighty wroth, you may credit me. Worse when he heard it was through the Squire's having been down there on particular business. What does he do but go straight to the Squire and ask him what he meant. The Squire retorts by asking him what *he* means. That's how the split began. The servants said that Mr. Robert burst out of the library, swearing that he would go and marry Susan Dawson on the spot. He didn't do that, but he managed to appoint to meet her by night. She went, as she'd have gone through fire and water. Then he asked her to go off with him to London to be married. While she was debating about it—for I suppose she hesitated—up came Will Green, her cousin, Martha's brother. Will was whistling, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at them. He was an odd, indifferent fellow—one who made you believe nothing affected him. "Don't think you'll astonish *me*," was his customary expression. So he says, "You're going after Martha, are you, Susan? Make my compliments to her." And then he turned on his heel and sauntered off. Susan had a shock at the mention of Martha. The upshot was, that she went home and so did Mr. Robert, and the next morning the great quarrel took place, for the Squire somehow had heard of his meeting Susan. They got to high words. The Squire threatened to kick him out of the house, and as Mr. Robert had money, he said he would go, and not return till he was asked. He went in a huff with us all. We heard of him spending money like fire. He was away two years just, when we heard he was in prison for debt, and one morning Miss Susan was missing. Didn't the gossips fly about. Farmer Dawson hung his head awhile, and then he woke up again and was cheerfuller than could be expected. By-and-by Susan returns. The farmer took her in, which he was much praised for, and he was kind to her, and wouldn't let the Vicar rebuke her, which rather went against his character in our place. However, things passed like of old. The Squire seemed to have forgotten Mr. Robert; Susan was mum; Will Green did his farm-work, and sneered away at his superiors.

You must know that we had fine roads round Bentholme. It lay just between two market-towns, and was not such a distance from a tolerably sized city. The roads were lonely, and people used often to say they wondered more bad work wasn't done. They even gave up wondering. The vicar rode home one night cleaned out, and saving my respect for his memory, in as awful a fright as mortal man can be. A highwayman had stopped him. A pretty commotion there was in Bentholme. Within a month we had as many as twelve downright open robberies—three to a week. There was a meeting of the magistrates; constables were moved about, and all the farmers said they'd be cautious. But farmers never are cautious after market days. Besides this was a terrible fellow. He not only knew who they were, and where they were going—he knew always exactly how much money their purses contained, and used to name the sum. That was what unmanned them more than anything. They gave up at that; it didn't look human. How we came to know this was through Farmer Burmess. He was riding home from Ockham market one night, plenty of ale in him, and up trots my gentleman.

"Good night, Farmer Burmess," says he.

"Good night," answered the farmer, looking at him queerly, for he had a veil on his face.

"I am rather in want of cash to-night," says the other; "can you accommodate me?"

"It's an uncivil request civilly put," says Farmer Burmess. "No, I cannot; so good night again."

"I'm sorry to have to enforce it," says the other; "but I'm only a borrower; you'll have it again some day, which you may say for your brains, if they go."

With that he outs with a pistol; the farmer stopped short; he was a cool hand, but he had no weapons. Says he:

"You seem pretty clever; now, if you'll tell me what money I've got about me, to a shilling, I'll hand it out; if not we part as we are; is that fair?"

"Quite," said the highwayman.

"Then its a bargain! How much is it?" says Farmer Burmess.

"Hand out £22 13s. 6d., and I'm satisfied."

The farmer started; he didn't want telling how much he had. He had his purse parted company. The highwayman called to him—"Mind, it's only *borrowed*," and rode away. Farmer Burmess told the story; and from that time the terrible highwayman was called the "Borrower."

Suspicion somehow fell upon Will

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, July 24, 1861.

FALSE RAILROAD GUIDES.

While Congress is so unanimously voting to sustain the Government, and confidence being revived in hopes of a speedy conclusion of the war, it is rather mortifying to find one or two publishers putting forth statements in their New York issues, intended evidently and solely to give their writings currency in the disloyal States. Those who read Southern newspapers are often astonished at the absurd and erroneous ideas in regard to the strength of the loyal States, and our unanimity, which are current all through the seceded States. It is clear the masses, and even the leaders there, suppose that we are in a state of anarchy, and on the brink of starvation, and that they have only to hold out a little to induce those divisions and compromises which must be fatal to the cause of continued Constitutional government in this country.

We have seen, for instance, an edition of a Railway Guide, published in New York, with some paragraphs inserted clearly to give it currency in the seceded States. One of them reads as follows:—"A terrible responsibility rests upon the next Congress, which meets on the 4th of July. If that body urges on this suicidal war, and votes supplies, and passes an amnesty act for the suspension of Habeas Corpus by President Lincoln, there will be wailing in every family throughout the land, and starvation in every household."

An agent informs us that he received, first of all, a hundred copies of the Railroad Map in question without any such paragraph at the back, but, he thinks, a blank; and that, on sending on for more, he received those with this and much more such nonsensical and mischievous stuff. We all know now that Congress, by pursuing just the opposite course, has greatly restored confidence to the country, and business will return to its old channels. It so happened that one of these Maps, which, by the way, are the very best of the seat of war, fell into the hands of some of those whose brothers have gone to the war, and the agent, who was ignorant of the pledge even of the paragraph, was in danger of insult.

We are willing to hope and believe that the paragraph writers who inserted this on the back of their Map, did not really believe o know one word of what they wrote, and simply stuck it in to give currency to their Map among the disunionists. If it should appear that they are in the habit of preparing two editions, one for their loyal readers, and the other for the disunionists, it would not greatly surprise us.

But nothing can more clearly show the mischief of such a system of intolerance and dread of free discussion, as the secession States have for years manifested. Books, newspapers, and even Railroad guides have to be manufactured, so as to pander to the corrupt taste. It is not *truth* they seek, but that which tickles and flatters them. In return, they are led into the most foolish and extravagant estimation of their own importance, suppose themselves able to conquer the world, because they conquer seventy half-starved, but brave men in Fort Sumter, and conceive of the loyal States as divided, irresolute and starving, because venal editors of Railroad maps find it their interest to cheat them, or rather dare not tell the truth or remain silent. When we read anything published in the secession newspapers, we want it truthfully to represent the state of feeling and facts among the people of that quarter.

The mischief done to the whole country by this sort of lying, is very apparent. It is this want of knowledge of the true state of feeling and fact, which has led the South into the present struggle, and it is a false and futile expectation of seeing us so divided in counsel and in action that now alone prevents the rebels from laying down their arms, or the people of the South from rising up and putting down the rebellion which their leaders have inaugurated.

IRON-PLATED SHIPS.

La Gloire, the French iron-plated steamer, made the voyage from Toulon to Algiers in six hours *less* time than the fastest French steamers, being only sixty six hours on the voyage. It would seem probable from this, that the weight of the vessel made her cut directly through the waves, and, by the steadiness of the ship, enabled her more than to match lighter vessels. Be the cause what it may, it is now demonstrated that, with a casing of four inches and a half of iron, vessel can be built so as to gain rather than suffer in point of speed. It is said that the result of some trials that have been to make it appear, so far, that no amount of iron that can be made to swim, will sustain the direct force of one of the largest steel shot from an Armstrong gun of the greatest size. In the Scientific American, of June 22, are the accounts of experiments on a vessel called the Trusty, leading to different conclusions.

Nothing human is perfect, and to secure the adoption of iron-plated ships, it is not necessary that they should be absolutely impenetrable to a point-blank shot at the maximum of its power. If it will turn off nine shots out of ten, there is no doubt that it must and will be used in preference to the old fashioned men of war. But in this case it has been proved that the iron-plated vessels of four inches and a half, are perfectly bomb-proof, and this is the chief danger to which other vessels are exposed, the explosion of a single bomb in whose sides might tear such a hole as to sink her. Besides, it is not one shot in a hundred, even of the largest Armstrong guns, that could be brought to bear, without any angle and at the proper distance, and all the rest would fly off like hail.

But it is by no means certain that the sides of a ship may not be so constructed as to render it impossible for a ball to strike the ship except at an angle, and then the heaviest balls will fly off at a tangent into the sea. Indeed, it is certain that this can be arranged. There is no reason why a particle of the sides of the ship should be perpendicular. They can as easily be made to present an angle nowhere of less than forty-five degrees.

There is no doubt that these iron-plated ships will, eventually, be the only ones deemed worth anything in war. And far better would it be to develope our Pennsylvania iron works in the construction of the very best plates for ships of war of all sizes than to be log rolling for high duties. There are no ports in the world that can and will eventually be able to furnish this sort of protection so cheaply and so well made as Philadelphia for the Atlantic and Pittsburg for the Ohio. It is a mere English trick to depreciate the value of this plating until they get their own navy protected by it. All the essential parts of a vessel necessary to keep her afloat and moving can be made absolutely invulnerable by plates turned at proper angles.

There is a field of enterprise here into which the sooner we enter the better, and the only thing really to be considered is, whether new vessels must be constructed to receive this iron plating, or whether the old ships already in use cannot be made the basis of these new but inevitable floating fortifications? Experience alone will suggest improvements. Whoever makes these fastest and best has the empire of the seas.

GENERAL IRVIN MCDOWELL, who now leads the movements of the grand army in its advance upon the rebels at Manassas Junction, is a citizen of Ohio. He entered the Military Academy at West Point, in 1834, and was a classmate of Gen. Beauregard, both graduating in 1838. He was brevetted a Second Lieutenant of the 1st Artillery on the 1st of July of that year; was assistant instructor of intantry tactics at West Point from September to November in 1841; served as Adjutant, at the same post, until October, 1845; from the last named date he acted as aid de camp to Brig. General Wool until May, 1847; he was brevetted Captain, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista, 23d February, 1847; in May of the same year he was made Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain, and in February, 1851, he relinquished his rank in the line. In April last, General McDowell wrote to a personal friend in Cincinnati, saying that he was anxious to take the field against Beauregard, who was then threatening Washington. He afterwards offered his services to his native State to command the contingent, but the Governor, Dennison, did not accept his proposition, preferring Hill and Cox. Subsequently, McDowell was promoted by the War Department to be a Brig. General, probably through the advice of Gen. Scott, who has, for several years, employed him as his *aid*, and holds him in high estimation. He is said to be a man of great power, untiring industry, very abstemious habits, and unquestionable courage.

ANOTHER PIRATE WAR STEAMER.—The report from Richmond is that the steamer Yorktown is almost ready to start on the enterprise of breaking the blockade and going to sea. She has been razed fore and aft, and carries eight 68-pounders. Her engine room has been protected by iron braces cased in wood. Thirty feet on each side of her paddle boxes have been covered with plates of ⅝ths inch wrought iron. Her decks have been covered with iron bars, and these again covered with boards. This vessel will probably seize the first opportunity, when most of the vessels of war have left Hampton Roads, in search of the privateer Davis, to start out and give trouble to our commerce. There is only one frigate, we see it reported, at Fortress Monroe. Her officers should keep a better lookout than those of the Niagara did at New Orleans, or the Yorktown will break the blockade.

THE PRIVATEER SUMTER, it is said, in Southern papers, has returned to New Orleans with fifty-five thousand rifles and a number of rifled cannon. They had been transferred from an English vessel. If this report is true, it shows that the blockade of New Orleans is very inefficiently conducted.

A WELL ORGANIZED MILITIA.

The proposition to increase the regular army of the United States does not meet with favor in Congress. The reason is two-fold. Republics have ever been jealous of a large standing military force, and history shows that such a force, wherever it has existed in a free Government, has been prejudicial to public liberty. This is the first objection. The second is, that the United States can afford, better than any other nation, to depend, for defence, on their volunteer soldiery, as the few wars we have yet had fully attest. But the present rebellion has shown very clearly, that while we have an abundance of the raw material out of which efficient fighting men are everywhere made, it requires a certain amount of training and discipline to qualify both officers and privates for the very arduous and responsible duties of active service in the field. This is especially true when a militia force is obliged to oppose regular troops, as might some day in the future be required of our volunteers. We have now under arms more men than were ever before employed by our Government upon military duty, and the few battles which have taken place prove that they have not only much of the coolness and courage of veterans, but that they are quick to acquire the knowledge of all the purely mechanical part of the art of war. There never was, perhaps, in all the past, another instance of nearly half a million of men, taken at a moment's notice, from all the pursuits of civil life and converted, almost at once, into brave, intelligent and orderly soldiers. But the experience of the last three or four months has evinced, nevertheless, the serious disadvantage of having to wait, for even that brief period, to educate raw recruits for the labors of immediate service against an enemy. Why, then, should not this experience be properly improved, with a view to possible emergencies hereafter? If the regular army is to be kept on the slender peace footing which has heretofore prevailed, cannot, and should not, some plan be adopted by the several States, acting independently of each other and of the General Government, by which a large number of citizens can be kept continually proficient in the exercises of the camp and the field, and be prepared to spring, upon any sudden call, to the defence of the nation against foreign invasion or domestic insurrection? If the adoption of such a system should entail upon the State governments a certain amount of yearly expense, it might, in the end, be found compatible with the truest economy. Wars are necessarily enormously expensive, and the money expended annually to maintain a well organized, well drilled and well equipped militia force in each of the States, would be more than compensated by averting hostilities which a weak and unprepared condition might invite, or in terminating them, should they come, before the war had progressed beyond a single campaign. Since the first proclamation of the President, calling on the States for aid to put down the rebellion, it has been remarked that the troops mustered into the service have been very unequal in military drill, as well as equipment. This is attributable simply to the fact that in some States more attention has been paid to organizing and disciplining the militia than in others. In illustration of this, we quote a cotemporary, who says that the

"Most experienced gentlemen we have seen, who have examined the New England regiments, now in public service, report that Rhode Island is entitled to highest praise for the complete manner in which she has sent her troops forward. The military spirit has been very active in Rhode Island since the Dorr rebellion, so that she was better prepared to answer the President's call than most of the free States."

Now, why should not this state of preparation, which was accidental in Rhode Island, become premeditative and systematic in all the States? As the present contest will cost the country heavily, we should endeavor to derive from it all possible compensating advantages.

THE PRIVATEERS.

Strange to say, the only real gains of the rebels and vexations they are, are on the ocean. On land they effect nothing. Whether in Missouri or in Virginia they only run, and that continually. But on the sea, which is not their native element, so soon as a privateer leaves port, she makes her mark. Whether from Charleston or from New Orleans, she seems to know where to go to get upon the track of our Northern vessels, and picks them up at the rate of two or three a day. The vessels may be all stolen, but she finds men enough to navigate them, and the two now known to be at sea have succeeded in doing much damage and destruction to private property. Not only are eight or ten vessels apiece, with all their cargoes captured in two or three days, but the terror they infuse, and the universal distrust among ship owners, the increased rates of premium at the Insurance Offices, the shipments which are altogether stopped, and those which, when made, are made in any other bottoms than American, cause the evil to be so great that a remedy must be found.

It must also be borne in mind, that every capture puts a new vessel into the hands of the enemy to be turned into a privateer or pirate, so that it really would be better for ship owners that each vessel could be scuttled before being surrendered. The Jeff. Davis and the Sumter will both, no doubt, be soon captured, but in the mean time, for aught we know, a dozen of the captured ships may be cruising, and ruthlessly destroying all within their range. One by one, these in turn may be ferretted out of their ocean tracks, but not before they made new captures, and transferred their booty and men, and guns on board new crafts. As in the circus, the skilful and daring rider steps from horse to horse, so we shall find these privateers moving from vessel to vessel.

It adds to the humiliation of all this, that our own Naval officers consider it no disgrace to be engaged in this dirty work, disguising themselves under false colors, and even women's petticoats. Captain Hollins in the Chesapeake, and Lieutenant Postell on the Atlantic, have for this resigned honorable posts in the most esteemed service of a Government whose flag floats and is respected in every sea.

So far, the Confederate privateers have had but poor guns, and it is only because our merchantmen have had none and been too unsuspicious that they have by false colors been allured into the arms of pirates. The first great remedy must be for every vessel of sufficient size to purchase and carry well-loaded a rifled gun of longest possible range. It will save the cost of itself in insurance. This, with greater circumspection and a few hand grenades, will enable our merchant vessels often to turn the tables on the pirates, and capture or sink them instead of being themselves captured and sunk. Perhaps some new powers might by Congress be granted to our merchant vessels on the high seas to act with a police authority. Nor would it seem unwise for the Government to aid some of our more suitable steamers and other vessels with guns and a government officer or two, provided they will, when falling in with a suspicious-looking craft, determine her character and capture her, if a privateer. This need not materially interfere with her ordinary character as a merchant vessel. Captures might be turned over to underwriters to compensate for extra risk. The chief remedy must, however, be found in a more efficient blockade of all the ports of the enemy, so as completely to prevent the possibility of privateers and prizes entering or leaving the only ports in the world where they can find respect or rest, i. e., those of the South.

DIRECT TAXATION.—The bill now before Congress providing for direct taxation to raise additional revenue for the government, proposes to raise $20,000,000 by a tax on all lands and lots of ground, with their improvements, dwelling houses, chattels and slaves. The amount of tax is distributed proportionately among each of the thirty-four States and the Territories, according to the assessed value of property. The amount which falls to Pennsylvania's share is nearly three millions of dollars ($2,920,079). The several States, it is probable, will be divided into collection districts. It is proposed to tax all stills, boilers, and other utensils employed in the distillation of spirituous liquors fifteen cents on every gallon of capacity, and to lay a tax of five cents per gallon on all fermented and malted liquors, and of ten cents per gallon on all spirituous liquors. There is also to be a tax on carriages, excluding vehicles for the transportation of merchandize. The tax varies from $1 for a carriage worth $50, to $40 for a carriage valued at $1000. How the Collector is to collect the tax in the insurgent States, the bill does not show, but this assessment is for prospective operation after the rebellion is crushed. It is but fair that those who compel us to fight, should help to pay for the powder.

A SENSATION STORY DEMOLISHED.—A despatch from Washington, a few days ago, said the British Consul at Richmond had laid before the British Minister official documents respecting recent cases where the blockade of the Chesapeake has been broken by private individuals, by permission of the Government. It is stated in explanation that a pass was obtained from General Butler, on the pretext of going to observe the movements of the rebels. The fellow who got it, a Pennsylvanian, tried, under its protection, to get a cargo of material into Richmond used for casting cannon and the preparation of telegraph insulators, but was stopped, though he got off to Richmond and exhibited the order as a proof that the blockade had been broken. This single order is the only one, it is said, which has been given by Butler.

THE INDIANA TROOPS in Western Virginia have as a watchword "Remember Buena Vista," alluding to the discredit reflected upon a regiment from that State in that famous battle. They are in a fair way to wipe out any stigma upon the name of Indiana, for no troops could have behaved better than those from that State under McClellan. They behaved like old soldiers, and the rebel prisoners could not believe that they had been captured by volunteers, but supposed from the way they fought that the attacking force were regulars.

THE STEEL PEN DISEASE.

Last February President Felton, of Harvard University, called attention to certain debilitating affections often experienced by persons accustomed to write much with steel pens, sometimes amounting to a complete paralysis, and rendering an amanuensis necessary. The theory was, or is, that the ink and the steel together form a sort of galvanic current injurious to the nerves of the hand and of the arm. There is no theory but what will find some confirmatory facts, and President Felton has received numerous letters proving the efficacy of the old goose quill as a remedy. It is even quite miraculous, and is said, in at least one case, to have restored the paralytic. If it has not made the tongue of the dumb to sing, or of the stammerer to speak plainly, or the foot of the lame to walk, it has at least restored the powers of those whose right hand had forgot its cunning, so that now, dispensing with an amanuensis, they write quite freely.

Byron, therefore, was right when he sung in honor not of the steel pen but of

——"My *gray goose quill*,
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will;
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen—
That mighty instrument of little men."

How fortunate are those poor fellows of South Carolina and the other cotton States addressed by the Mercury, and told to save up all the goose quills when they kill their geese, because the supply of steel pens is almost exhausted in the South. They will not be afflicted with paralysis of the hand and arm produced by the *steel* of a more insidious foe than the bayonet of a Northern Zouave. We too may at least congratulate ourselves that we shall never be made any more to taste "Southern steel" in the shape of bad writing, unless indeed they should turn their swords not into ploughshares but into steel pens, as the only way in which they can fulfil Jeff. Davis' promise.

Seriously, however, that there is a diseased affection of the right hand and arm produced by excessive writing under certain conditions, we have no doubt. But we are pretty sure that the steel pen is not answerable for it, though it certainly moves with less facility, and on some kinds of paper scratches and always picks holes in it. The small circumference of the pen holder may have more to do with causing the fatigued muscles of the hand than the quality of the pen; and from experience we can recommend a Turkey quill as being better far than that of a goose, because larger to hold, and because making a thicker up stroke, it is an effectual antidote to that narrow, cramped up hand which is most favorable to the disease.

We are inclined to think that this complaint is much more common and much older than steel pens. Mark the fatigued look and increasing illegibility of the writing of all rapid thinking authors, like Byron and Coleridge. They all write as if pins were sticking in their wrists. And yet there are Bank clerks, who for years will go on calmly making entries, with steel pens, from Day-book and Ledger, and never feel it.

The real cause of the disease is writing too rapidly, and with care only for the thought, and not for the mechanical shape of the letters. It is because the nerves of volition move more rapidly than the muscles can follow, as thought outstrips expression. The remedy must be for authors to write more slowly and with care, to consult ease of the hand and arm in every way. Ladies using sewing machies are beginning to experience in some cases of great effort, a similar affection of the right ancle and leg.

MILITARY DRESS.

The dress of the volunteer soldier is yet open to considerable improvement. Much has been done of late years towards increasing the efficiency of armies as respects the weapons to be used, the method of drill and discipline, reformation of the commissariat, and the like; but the science of war lacks something still, in the matter of clothing troops, to render it perfect. In this very important particular, a vain fancy for picturesqueness of appearance, rather than a rational regard for practical utility and adaptation of means to ends, seems to have prevailed with those who determine the style of military costume and equipments. This remark is especially applicable to our American militia, in which the various organizations are allowed a very large liberty of choice as to uniforms, so that a brigade on muster presents the semblance of an old fashioned bed quilt, in which all the colors of the rainbow are contrasted in close juxtaposition. We have now unfrequently wondered how human nature could bear up under some of the awkward and oppressive burdens which the soldier carries on parade. As every volunteer company should, in time of peace, be trained for actual service in time of war, the dress and equipment employed in the former case ought to be that, precisely, which is most suitable for the latter. On a long and rapid march, the person of the soldier should be as little encumbered as possible. Yet it is quite notorious that he is borne down, very often, by an excess of accoutrements, as well as unnecessarily cramped and crippled in his movements by the absurdest kind of body and head gear. A late Montreal paper remarks—

[illegible] much of a young gentleman, son of Attorney General Edward Norton, from extreme exhaustion, brought on by a march from Kingston to Guilford under a hot sun, has created a warm controversy in England upon the head-dress of the British army. The bear skin is denounced by the privates as an intolerable burden. If they do not wear it, they must carry it somewhere. It costs five or six times as much as a shako. On the march of a certain regiment to Balaklava, large numbers of the men fell out on the third mile, fainting from the weight of their bear skins and the tightness of their uniforms. The Minister of War is called upon to weigh the facts. Meanwhile, one of the Guards has weighed his bear skin, and found it not so heavy by two pounds as that worn by his deceased companion."

It is astonishing that such folly still exists among those who have had the benefit of so much experience in military economy. We have a good deal to learn touching these things, but the present rebellion will doubtless find us apt scholars, and reader us, as a nation, more efficient in war than we might otherwise have become.

A NEW PROPHET IN UTAH has just arisen to dispute with Brigham his absolute authority over the Faithful. His name is Joseph Morris, and he belongs to Weber county, near Ogden city. He predicts the breaking up of the present Church authority and a new organization under his leadership. The new prophet has created a great deal of excitement, and drawn so many of Brigham's followers off, that the latter has been compelled to denounce him as a false prophet. Brigham still claims to hold the "keys of death and hell," and he commands the Morrisites "to obey the fullness of my Gospel," and gather around the Salt Lake City Temple. On the other hand, Joseph prophesies that war will soon commence in Utah, and that Brigham will be cut off this year, and all his posterity, and all the leaders of his Church—and that young Joseph Smith will lead the saints back to the Zion in Jackson county, Missouri. Even Utah is then not free from its civil disturbances, though it has been a matter of great rejoicing with Brigham for the last six months that the Union was going to "tarnal smash."

LOOKS LIKE TREACHERY.—A paragraph from a Southern newspaper says that four prizes, captured by our naval vessels, were recaptured by the Confederates and taken into Apalachicola. The four were under the charge of Lieut. Selden and nineteen seamen. Lieut. Selden is a native of Virginia, and as soon as he landed at Apalachicola he was released on his parole of honor. The affair, as related, looks very much as if Lieut. Selden had placed his prizes in the way of recapture—a fifth, which disregarded his order, escaped recapture. The Navy Department ought to investigate the facts, to see that treacherous officers are not still retained in the Navy. Important commands ought not to be given to any officer from a seceded State, unless his fidelity to the Government is beyond question.

DUTY ON CRUDE SULPHUR.—Crude Sulphur, on which Mr. Chase proposes to levy a duty, is not principally used, as many of our readers may suppose, for the manufacture of gunpowder, but for making sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol. The last substance is of such vast importance in all those manufacturing arts on which depend the prosperity of a nation, that it has ever been observed that the civilization of a nation might be measured by the quantity of sulphuric acid manufactured within its territories. To tax an article like this is a most mistaken policy. It rises in the price of oil of vitriol, which would be the result, would affect a large number of industrial pursuits, and inflict an amount of injury very disproportionate to the revenue collected.

RISE IN BUNTING—THE FLAG TRADE.—A reporter for one of the New York papers has taken the pains to inquire as to the number of United States flags made and sold in that city, since the bombardment of Fort Sumter. He ascertained the aggregate to be 16,995. In one establishment alone, the books show that from the 15th of April to the 1st of July, the firm sold 2874 flags, independent of those ordered by large stores, hotels, newspaper offices, &c. In the period named, eighty-five women were employed in making flags, and two thousand yards of bunting were cut up in twenty-four hours. The total amount of material used was 36,720 yards of bunting, 20 pounds of thread, and 40 dozen spools of cotton. Who can say the people of the North are not patriotic?

CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.—Two German chemists have just discovered two new metals, *cæsium* and *rubidium*, from the colors of the rays they emit in the spectrum, and the discovery is due to what is called spectral analysis, or the property which certain metallic compounds have when held in a flame intense enough to reduce them to luminous vapors, of emitting certain rays in the spectrum of this flame.

THE BATTLE AT MANASSAS.

REPULSE OF THE FEDERAL ARMY.

The Army Falling Back on Washington.

Sherman's Carlisle's and West Point Batteries Taken.

FEDERAL LOSS TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED TO THREE THOUSAND.

The Rebel Army Ninety Thousand Strong.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PANIC.

The telegraph despatches have been fragmentary and confused respecting the great battle at Bull Run or Manassas. We have endeavored, from the various accounts given, to present the previous accounts in an intelligible form, the despatches to-day giving the after reported details. The account here given begins with the fight on Sunday morning, at Bull Run:

BULL RUN BRIDGE, Sunday, July 21, 2 P. M.—The great battle occurred to day, and the result is not certain at the moment I write. Both sides have fought with terrible tenacity. The battle has been hot and steady for three hours, and the loss must be very heavy—certainly not under one thousand on each side.

The Union army advanced from Centreville in three columns at 3 o'clock this morning. Colonel Richardson commanded the column by the road to Bull Run, where the action of Thursday took place, and Col. Miles lay on the road at Centreville to support him.

Gen. Tyler commanded the centre division, which took the Warranton road—Gen. Schenck and Col. Sherman being in advance. He had the three Connecticut regiments, two from Michigan, two from Wisconsin, and the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth, from New York. Gen. McDowell, with Col Hunter, and a very powerful division, went out on this road, which leads directly forward to Manassas, crossing Bull Run by a stone bridge, which had been mined.

The attack by these two points was intended mainly as a feint. The real attack was by Hunter, who took a narrow road two miles out leading to the right, having Hunt's and the Rhode Island batteries, and leaving Col. Keyes on the centre of the crossing of the roads as a reserve. His orders were to proceed high up the stream, cut himself a path through the woods, cross over and turn the position of the rebels on the north.

I went out with the centre of the column. At ten minutes before six we halted about a mile this side of the position of the rebels. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth Regiments of New York were thrown to the right, in the woods, and the First and Second Ohio and the Second New York to the left, in advance.

The sixty-pound Parrott gun was placed in the middle of the road, and at ten minutes past six threw two shells into the battery of the enemy, but without eliciting any response. Ten minutes after, we heard firing on our left from Richardson's column, which was continued at intervals for two hours, but without eliciting a reply.

Our column remained silent, firing now and then a gun, and at twenty minutes to eight, Ayres' battery, formerly Sherman's, fired five or six rounds into the enemy, but without response. At a quarter before nine, shots were rapidly exchanged between the opposing skirmishers, and Gardner, of La Crosse, belonging to the Rhode Island Regiment, was reported killed.

At about 10 o'clock, heavy clouds of dust showed that reinforcements were coming up to the rebels from Manassas, and was continued through the next three or four hours.

At 11 o'clock, Ayres' battery went to the front, the Sixty-ninth New York was ordered to deploy into the field in front, and firing was heard from Hunter's Division, on the extreme right, far in advance.

The Ohio regiments were pushed forward with the Second New York, and ran upon a masked battery of four guns, which killed and wounded quite a number of both. Of the latter, Michael McCarty, sergeant of company H, was wounded, and afterwards was reported dead. Lieut. Demsey received a slight wound. Some twenty or thirty of the Ohio regiment broke and run, but the rest stood firm, as did the Second New York.

Carlisle's battery was brought to the front on the right, and soon drove the rebels out of the masked battery.

It was now 11½ o'clock, when Hunter's column appeared across the Run, advancing on the flank of the Rebels, and the engagement soon became very active in his position. He kept steadily advancing, pouring in a steady fire of artillery and musketry.

The whole brigade under Tyler was ordered forward to his support. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth New York; the First, Second and Third Connecticut, and the Second Wisconsin were sent in. A constant roll of musketry marked Hunter's advance, and the artillery from our column played incessantly on the flank of the rebels. So far as I could see, the latter were pushed backward a considerable distance to the road directly in front of where I stood, across which they charged twice with the bayonet upon our troops, but were repulsed each time. Our men crossed the road and poured in upon them a terrible fire of artillery and musketry.

I write this at 2¾ o'clock, and am compelled to close in order to avail myself of a special messenger to Washington. The fight is still going on with great energy. The rebel batteries have again commenced firing upon us, and their balls and shells fall thick upon the road and in the field which I have selected as my observatory.

General Schenck and two batteries are ordered to [illegible] to make an attempt at cavalry to outflank us. I shall try to send the result in a later despatch.

This was the latest known on Sunday night of the fight. Yesterday morning telegraph despatches brought us the disastrous termination as follows:

THE LATEST—BY TELEGRAPH.

Gen. Mansfield to take Command of the Fortifications at Washington

PANIC AT WASHINGTON CITY.

ORIGIN OF THE PANIC.

COL. FARNUM BADLY WOUNDED.

Rebel Black Horse Cavalry cut to Pieces.

LIST OF REGIMENTS ENGAGED.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Our troops, after taking three batteries and gaining a great victory, were eventually repulsed and commenced a retreat on Washington.

The retreat is in good order, with the rear well covered by a good column.

Our loss is from 2500 to 3000.

The fortifications around Washington are strongly reinforced by fresh troops.

Many confused statements are prevalent, but enough is known to warrant the statement that we have suffered in a degree which has cast a gloom over the remnant of the army, and exhibited the deepest melancholy throughout Washington.

The carnage has been tremendously heavy on both sides, and on ours is represented as frightful.

We were advancing and taking the masked batteries gradually but surely and by driving the enemy towards Manassas Junction, when the enemy seemed to be reinforced by Gen. Johnson, and immediately commenced driving us back, when a panic among our troops suddenly occurred, and a regular stampede took place.

It is thought that Gen. McDowell undertook to make a stand at or about Centreville, but the panic was so great that the retreat became demoralized, and it was impossible to check them either at Centreville or Fairfax Court House.

General McDowell intended to retreat beyond Fairfax Court House. The retreat was kept up until the men reached their regular encampment, a portion of whom returned to them, but a still larger portion coming inside the entrenchments.

A large number of the troops in their retreat fell in the wayside from exhaustion, and scattered along the entire route, all the way from Fairfax Court House.

The road from Bull Run to Centreville was strewed with knapsacks, arms, etc.

Some of the troops deliberately threw away their guns and appurtenances, the better to facilitate their travel.

Gen. McDowell was in the rear at the retreat, exerting himself to rally his men, but with only partial effect. The latter part of the army, it is said, made their retreat in good order. He was completely exhausted, having slept but little for three nights. His orders on the field did not reach all times reach those for whom they were intended.

It is supposed that the force sent against our troops consisted, according to a prisoner's statement, of about 30,000 men, including a large number of cavalry. He further says, that owing to the reinforcements from Richmond, Strasburg and other points, the enemy's effective force was 90,000.

According to the statement of the Fire Zouaves they have only about 200 men left from the slaughter. The 69th New York, and other regiments have suffered frightfully in killed and wounded.

Sherman's, Carlisle's, and the West Point Batteries were taken by the enemy, and eight siege 32-pound rifled cannon, the latter being too cumbrous to remove. They were left two miles the other side of Centreville.

Such of the wounded as were brought to the Centreville Hospital were left there, after having their wounds properly dressed.

The panic was so great that the attempt to rally them to a stand at Centreville was entirely in vain.

If a firm stand had been made there our troops could have been reinforced and much disaster prevented.

Gen. McDowell was thus foiled in his well-arranged plans.

It is supposed that all the provision trains belonging to the U. S. Government were saved.

Some regimental wagons were overturned by accident, or the wheels came off, and therefore, had to be abandoned.

Large droves of cattle were saved by being driven back in the advance of the retreat.

It is supposed at Washington that General Mansfield will take command of the fortifications on the other side of the river, which are able, it is said by military engineers, to hold out against any force the enemy may bring.

Large rifled cannon and mortars are being rapidly sent over and mounted.

An officer just from Virginia, at half-past 10, reports that the road from Centreville to the Potomac is strewed with stragglers.

The troops are resuming the occupation of the fortifications and entrenchments on the line of the Potomac.

Col. Marston, of a New Hampshire regiment, reached here this morning. He was wounded. Colonel Heintzleman was also wounded in the wrist.

In addition to those reported yesterday, it is said that Col. Wilcox, the commander of a brigade, was killed. Also, Capt. McCook, brother of Col. McCook, of Ohio.

Wagons are continually arriving bringing dead and wounded. Soldiers are relating to greedy listeners the probable events of last night and early this morning.

Both telegraphic and steamboat communication with Alexandria are suspended to day to the public.

The greatest alarm exists throughout the city, especially among the female portion of the population.

The following is an account of the inauguration of the panic which has operated so disastrously to our troops. It receives unusual interest from the subsequent events.

All our military operations went on swimmingly, and Col. Alexander was about erecting a pontoon across Bull Run; the enemy were seemingly in retreat, and their batteries being unmasked one after another, when a terrific consternation broke out among the teamsters, who had incautiously advanced immediately after the body of the army and lined the Warrenton road.

Their consternation was shared in by numerous civilians who were on the ground, and for a time it seemed as if the whole army was in retreat.

Many baggage wagons were emptied of their contents and the horses galloped across the open fields. All the fences were torn down to allow them a more rapid retreat. For a time, a perfect panic prevailed, which communicated itself to the vicinity of Centreville, and every available conveyance was seized upon by agitated civilians.

The wounded soldiers on the roadside cried for assistance, but the alarm was so great that numbers were passed by.

Several similar alarms occurred on previous occasions, when a change of batteries rendered the retirement of the artillery on our part, and it is most probable that the alarms were owing to the same fact.

The reserve force at Centreville was immediately brought up and marched in double quick step, in the following order:

Col. Einstein's Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, with two guns, the Garibaldi Guards, and Blenker's First Rifle Regiment, with its batteries, followed at several miles distance by the De Kalb Regiment.

When our courier left, at half-past 4 o'clock, P. M., it was in the midst of this excitement. Two new masked batteries had been opened by the rebels on the left bank, and that portion of the division had had its lines broken and demanded immediate reinforcements. The right was in good order.

The battery erected on the hill-side, directly opposite the main battery of the enemy, was doing good execution, and additional guns were being mounted.

On his arrival at Fairfax Court House, our courier was overtaken by the Government messengers, who reported that our army was in full retreat towards Centreville. They were followed by less agitated parties, who stated that the report of the retreat was owing to the fact that the alarm among the teamsters had communicated itself to the volunteers, and even in some instances to the regulars, and the lines were thus broken, and that a retirement of our forces across Bull Run was rendered necessary.

Col. Hunter passed at the same time, in a vehicle, wounded.

Ayre's battery was also reported as lost. Crowds of carriages and baggage wagons came rushing down the road. The telegraph office was closed against all private business, and in an hour the alarm was communicated all along the road to Washington.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fowler, of the New York Fourteenth Regiment, is among the killed.

Col. Lawrence, of the 5th Massachusetts, is wounded. Captain Ellis, of the 71st New York, is badly wounded.

Col. Farnham and Major Logier, of the New York Fire Zouaves, are not killed, but are badly wounded.

The Rhode Island battery was taken by the rebels at the bridge across Bull Run, where their retreat was cut off, all the horses being killed.

It is reported that the rebel Black Horse cavalry made an attack on the rear of the retreating army, when the latter turned and fired, killing all but six of the party.

The Seventy-first New York lost about half of their men.

The following regiments were engaged in the fight:—First, Second and Third Connecticut; Second Maine; regiment of Regulars, composed of the Second, Third and Eighth regiments; 750 Marines; Eighth and Fourteenth New York Militia; First and Second Rhode Island; Seventy-first New York; Second New Hampshire; Third Massachusetts; First Minnesota; First Michigan; Eleventh and Thirteenth New York; Twenty-first Maine; Second, Fourth and Fifth Maine, and the Second Vermont, besides the several batteries.

The following is a partial list of the killed and wounded:

Killed—Capt. McCook; Capt. Gordon, Co. H, Eleventh Massachusetts; Capt. Foy, Co. H, Second Rhode Island; Col. Slocum, Second do.; Col. Colcum, Twenty-second New York; Col. Wilcox, First Michigan.

Wounded—The Colonel of the New York Second, Col. Farnham of the Fire Zouaves, Col. Hunter, Col. Corcoran, Col. Clark of the Eleventh Massachusetts, Capt. Ricketts of the Artillery.

Two New York Regiments have gone over to Virginia.

It is vaguely reported that Gen. Patterson's division arrived in the vicinity of Manassas this morning, and commenced an attack upon the rebel forces. He was within 25 miles of the battle-ground yesterday, but the exhausted condition of his men prevented him from coming to to the aid of Gen. McDowell.

It is also reported that 4000 of our troops have been sent back towards Fairfax from the other side of Centreville.

It was the remnant of the Fire Zouaves that were attacked by the Black Horse Cavalry, and repulsed them, leaving but six of them to return This gallant regiment now numbers but a couple of hundred.

It is probable that the number of killed and wounded is magnified by the large numbers who are missing—probably wandering through the woods. The lowest estimate may be placed at 4000 to 5000.

It is represented in many quarters that the Ohio regiments shared the greatest consternation, probably from their want of confidence in their officers. It is known that on the day previous to the battle, a large number publicly protested against being led by Gen Schenck. It was only through the importunities of Col. McCook, in whom they placed confidence, that they were prevented from making a formidable rebellion.

The Pennsylvania 4th was not in the battle, having left for home on the morning of the battle—their term of service having expired.

It was known to our troops at the time of the battle yesterday, that Johnson had formed a connection with Beauregard, on the night of the first action at Bull Run. Our men could distinctly hear the cars coming into Manassas Junction, and the cheers with which the Confederates hailed their newly arriving comrades. They knew the enemy were our superior in numbers, and in their own position.

These facts were further confirmed by prisoners taken, deserters and others, but these facts were not probably known at Washington, and the officers in leading our men into action, only obeyed orders.

Gen. Schenck, as well as the other field officers, acted admirably. He collected his forces, and covered their retreat up to the last minute; was personally engaged in the endeavor to rally his men to make a stand at Centreville.

It was the arrival of fresh reinforcements to the enemy in superior numbers that turned the scale of battle.

The enemy before now might, perhaps, have more to boast of, if they had followed up their advantage last night.

KILLED AND WOUNDED PROBABLY OVERESTIMATED.

WASHINGTON, July 22, (received 9, P. M.)—The estimated number of killed and wounded in the battle of yesterday is gradually decreasing by arrivals from the woods and surrounding country. Six hundred of the Ellsworth Zouaves have already returned.

It is now understood that Col. Wilcox of the 1st Michigan acting Brig. General, is not dead, as reported, but is badly wounded.

BATTLE OF CHEAT RIVER.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial furnishes the following narrative:

The right of our division proceeded to within nine miles of Beverly, where Capt. Benham, who commands the advance, ascertained at the village of Leadsville that the rebels, after proceeding nearly to Beverly, and finding the road blocked by McClellan's advance, united with those that had been routed at Rich Mountain, and turned back and struck off on the Leading Creek Pike, half a mile this side of Leadsville, and were moving in the direction of St. George, Tucker county. We had tracked the rebels thus far easily. Every few rods we found stacks of tent poles, tents, blankets and other camp equipages, which they had thrown out of

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER," by E. D. N, is accepted. The accompanying articles will be properly disposed of.

"LEANDER AND HERO," we decline.

"PARAPHRASE TO GOLDEN HAIR," we will try to make room for.

"OUR PATRIOT FATHERS" has been received, and will be duly disposed of. Cannot, at present, as to "Perseverance; or, The Triumphs of Genius."

THE ADVANCE INTO VIRGINIA.

The intelligence on Sunday from McDowell's advance is that the whole division was ordered supposed to be a point on Manassas road above the junction, to prevent Johnston joining the rebel force now there. It seems probable, however, that Johnston has been too quick for this movement. By the intelligence from him last week he was falling back rapidly from Winchester towards Manassas, and no doubt joined Beauregard before Saturday night, when the advance was to be resumed. McDowell's movements most absorb public attention and excite the general interest. A sanguinary fight must now take place, and the result is hourly expected to be communicated. McDowell seems to move cautiously as though he fully realizes his responsibility. More troops have been sent him from Washington, probably at his own request. There seems to be a great deal of uncertainty respecting the number of rebels concentrated at Manassas. A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, in a late letter, puts the number down at 60,000, which was before Johnston's forces joined Beauregard. He however confesses that no one, except the commander, knew exactly the number, and that it varied in estimates from 30,000 to 60,000. According to this correspondent all the troops within twenty miles of Manassas are under Beauregard's immediate command. The various regiments are camped within two miles of each other. They have a very large number of heavy thirty-two pounders. The position a Manassas Junction is strongly fortified both by nature and by military art. It embraces a line of forts two miles in length, zig-zag in form with angles, salients, bastions, casemates, and everything that properly belongs to works of this kind. The strength and advantages of this position at Manassas are very much increased by the fact that fourteen miles further on is a position of similar formation, while the country between is admirably adapted to the subsistence and intrenchment of troops in numbers as large as they can easily be manœuvred on the real battle field. Water is good and abundant; forage such as it is everywhere found in the rich farming districts of Virginia, and the communication with all parts of the country easy. It will be seen from this information that the advancing army has no trifling obstacles on its way, but the concentration of the rebel troops will render any reverse to them the more disastrous. By taking the rebels in flank, as purposed, McDowell will be in position either to stop Johnston, if he has not yet reached Beauregard, or be in a position to be easily joined by Patterson and McClellan, who must be close in pursuit.

CAMPING OUT.

Various and valuable hints are given in the newspapers and army correspondence how to camp out, so as to enjoy health and remain comfortable. Some of these are quite useful to inexperienced volunteers: A camp is best on a slope of a hill, on rising ground, sheltered from the wind if possible. A trench around the tent will drain the sod and keep it comparatively dry. Twigs of the hemlock will furnish him with a luxurious couch—a cornish which not alone separates him from unwholesome contact with the moist earth, but which, as he presses it, surrounds him with delicious odors. With this comfortable medium between him and the wet sod, and a *real* Mackinaw blanket over him, the bivouacker can sleep without detriment to his health, provided he does not hold within himself the seeds of disease. Hollow trees make good impromptu stoves for cooking food properly, an important consideration. A quick and expeditious mode of cooking a fowl without either plucking or disemboweling is as follows: Make a tolerably dry paste of clay and cover your fowl with it, as if you were trying to take a cast. The paste should be laid on at least two inches thick. Dig a hole of suitable size in the ground, as deep as possible, and make a fire in it, which you will cover with stones. About the time the stones get well heated place your fowl with its clay matrix on them, and cover it with more stones, clay, &c., so as to keep the heat in. As soon as the clay surrounding the fowl cracks, remove it, and on breaking the matrix the skin and feathers of the bird will come off, leaving the meat thoroughly cooked. The entrails, on cutting open the stomach, will be found baked into a hard lump, and as easily removed.

THE ADVANCE INTO VIRGINIA.—The news from the advanced army in Virginia is growing deeply interesting and important. The central column of the Union army, under Gen. McDowell, encountered but feeble resistance until it passed Centreville, and arrived on Thursday at a small stream known as Bull's Run, which is but four miles from Manassas Gap. Here Gen. Tyler's advance met with a heavy battery, behind the protection of which the retreating rebels made their first stand. They were strongly fortified, and the position well selected, on a wooden slope, to stop the advancing column. Skirmishers uncovered rebel batteries on both sides of the road. The attempt to dislodge the rebels by the small body which was in advance failed, though the fighting was very spirited, principally between the skirmishers and artillery on both sides. Other divisions coming up to the aid of the advance regiments, Gen. McDowell deemed it advisable to reconnoitre the rebels' position before again engaging the batteries. This task was performed yesterday morning. The latest intelligence we have is that the rebels have abandoned the battery without further contest, and the advance of the army will be immediately resumed.

THE USE OF FIREARMS.—The Southern journals have been counting largely upon the asserted superiority of the rebel troops in the use of firearms. According to their theory, every man was a marksman and a dead shot at a hundred yards. These marksmen have been operating in Virginia, and last week they came in hostile collision with the Indiana and Ohio troops, where their superior skill should have proved available. The skirmishing was regular bushfighting, wherein marksmanship would tell. But the Georgia and South Carolina sharpshooters were beaten at their own game. The Ohio and Indiana troops took to it as naturally as if they had spent their lives at it, and drove the rebel sharpshooters from the woods with great loss, they themselves losing but few of their number. The Ohio and Indiana troops are excellent shots, and indeed the great body of our volunteers drawn from the rural parts of the country know how to handle a rifle as well as any troops, and most effectively have the Western men used it in Virginia. In a fair field fight, the hard-fisted and strong muscled boys from the city workshops will also test their superior physical power when they come to use their bayonets.

THE OLD CHIEFTAIN WITH THEM.—General Scott will go with the Grand Army as it moves toward Richmond. A vehicle, provided with suitable sleeping accommodations, has been built for his use, and it is expected that he will use it immediately.

A FREE CITY HOSPITAL is to be immediately erected in Boston, at an expense of $100,000, and also a new City Stable, at a cost of $45,000. These works are undertaken by the local government, to give employment to a large number of people now out of work.

THE DISASTER TO OUR ARMS.

Never has the continent exhibited the sight it did on Sunday last. Never were assembled on this side of the globe two such hostile forces, and never has the Republic met with a reverse to its arms so dispiriting in its effect. Not that the rebel commander, if he had been enterprising and bold enough to pursue his advantage, might not have made it much more disastrous and demoralizing to our forces, but the disappointment which follows from the repulse of an army which had gone forth so confidently to victory, has a most depressing and stunning effect upon the public mind. It seems scarcely to be realized that an army so carefully prepared, so numerous, so well appointed and so spirited, could march on to anything but victory. And victory, too, seemed almost secured—already within grasp, when a movement—an accident it may be—wrested it from them and turned the well-earned laurels of our troops into worthless weeds, and compelled them to leave the field to their almost beaten foes.

Now is not the time to criticise the military operations—the strategy and the manœuvres of the Commander-in-Chief. These may have been skilful or otherwise; future facts will show their true character. But one great mistake on our part has been in underrating the power of resistance of the rebels, their resources and their courage. They have been preparing for many months for this contest. They have abundance of small arms, immense amount of cannon; their troops at Manassas amounted to 90,000 men, with the railroad trains in their rear continually at work pouring in fresh troops during the whole progress of the fight. They, therefore, outnumbered nearly two to one the Federal force, chose their own ground, and had every foot of it, that our army was expected to pass over, strongly fortified. As for their courage, it must be remembered that they are of our own race, not physically perhaps as strong, but equally intelligent, and what is of greater importance, longer under training to give firmness to their courage and assurance to their skill, besides being officered with some of the best military talent in the army and navy. With such a foe as this, it is not advisable to rush on without adequate preparation, and without a force equal to any emergency required. Ignorant presumption may cry out impatiently, "On to Richmond;" but there must be means at hand greater than the resistance or the pathway to Richmond will be filled with the graves of our soldiers. Congress has authorized a force of half a million of men. Let that number of troops be raised, properly officered, and this disgrace to our arms will be wiped out, and the integrity of the Union be secured.

WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

One effect of the rebellion is an interruption of our domestic trade and industry. Whenever the usual demand for what we produce is decreased, the activity of production must be proportionately diminished. Hence, a vast multitude of persons who were employed at good wages, during a long period of peace and prosperity, are suddenly thrown out of work, and as few, comparatively, have made enough to lay by something against a season of general distress, or been provident enough to save what they could out of their earnings, the consequence is that many people must suffer severely. This state of things no doubt exists to a very serious extent in all our large towns and cities. The evidence of it is seen in the appeals which the laboring population of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other places, are making to the municipal authorities for relief. The aid asked for has already been partially granted, and we believe that there is an earnest disposition in every community to do all that can properly or possibly be done to provide for those whom the unhappy conditions of the times have reduced to extreme want. But whatever action of this kind is taken by any municipal government should be understood as proceeding from a duty of humanity, or motives of social policy, and not from political obligation. No government is positively bound in any sense to make employment for its citizens, or to support them without it. The utmost that can be required is, that the public affairs shall be so administered as not to interfere unnecessarily with the industrial economy of the community, but to allow the largest possible freedom to the exercise of individual labor, talent, and enterprise. The business of the State is to attend simply to the functions of political government, such as executing the laws, protecting the public peace and order, collecting and managing the public finances, providing whatever pertains directly to the civil police in the way of streets, light, drainage, &c., &c. When it has performed these and other like duties, it has fulfilled its office and cannot be required to do more.

If, however, at a time of general depression of trade and industry, government can, in the regular pursuit of its legitimate ends, furnish employment for such of its subjects as must get work or starve, it certainly ought to do it, and with all possible promptness and liberality. But it would be most unwise to undertake improvements at once beyond the necessity and pecuniary resources of the government upon the principle that any number or class of citizens may, in any imaginable state of things, demand such action for their special benefit as a right.

There is, just now, an urgent call upon the people and the public authorities to make every reasonable provision for those who, in ordinary times are both able and willing, to provide for themselves, but whom events have deprived of the means of raising daily subsistence. And we do not doubt that all that can be done in this behalf will be done. It would be even right and expedient on the score of humanity for the authorities to anticipate a little the commencement of improvements which are contemplated and will have to be begun, sooner or later.

But, whatever measure of this kind is authorized, it should, as regards the intention, be placed on a right and not a wrong ground. It should be understood that, in view of the extraordinary circumstances of the country, the government undertakes only necessary works, though somewhat prematurely, perhaps, not because it is bound to provide the citizens with employment, but because it sympathizes with a prevalent public distress, and is humanely disposed, as far as it may, to aid in relieving it. This is the true principle on which our Councils should act, and it must commend itself to general approval.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN NATURE survives even the grave. We all have some choice as to where our ashes shall be laid, how our last resting place shall be adorned, naturally and artificially, as to what shall be the order of the funeral, and even feel a concern about the dress in which our senseless remains shall be clad for the long sleep to which they are to be consigned. It is upon this weakness that undertakers practice, much as the tailor plays upon the same passion during our lives. A novel speculation of this nature has recently been started in Paris. A company has been organized there for the manufacture and sale of a newly invented winding sheets for burials. In a prospectus which they have issued, they say "It is high time that man, on quitting this life, should cease to be frightful or ridiculous; he is frightful if wrapped in a common sheet, and ridiculous if dressed in his ordinary mundane attire. The newly invented winding sheet supplies this desideratum; the religious emblems with which it is ornamented, make it a costume, the aspect of which inspires nothing but feelings of consoling resignation."

ARRAY IN THE BRITISH ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A French tourist, M. du Chaillu, the gorilla hunter, has written and published a book of "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa." We confess that he tells some very hard stories—stories which might well provoke the skepticism of the most credulous reader. It seems that certain scientific Englishmen, composing the British Ethnological Society, have recently, at a meeting of the association in London, made the narrative of M. Chaillu the subject of pretty free discussion, and the author who was criticised being present, a scene of great excitement occurred, in which the Frenchman called a brother naturalist a coward, spit in his face, and threatened to shoot him. This unscientific conduct produced considerable commotion in the learned assembly. The ladies present thought that French politeness had not improved by contact with the gorillas of Africa.

THE CHESNUT STREET BRIDGE.—Those who have been expecting to obtain work from this improvement, need not anticipate disappointment because Mayor Henry has vetoed the ordinance concerning the contracts. The Mayor's objection was a technical one, and was well taken, concerning the preliminary legal points. He is understood to be in favor of the work itself, and with the strong majority by which the ordinance passed a fortnight since—53 to 5 in Common Council, and unanimously in the Select branch—Councils will hardly adjourn for the summer recess without perfecting the requisite formalities which alone are now wanting to set hundreds of mechanics to work. The only danger to be apprehended arises from the ill timed ventilation of eloquence which this subject always seems to call forth, although every point connected with it has been thoroughly debated before.

THE STATE HOUSE ROW.—Some three months since, Councils instructed the Committee on City Property to report a plan for improving the accommodations for the Courts and Public Offices in the State House Row. We are not aware that such a report has yet been made, although no time could be more propitious for such an undertaking than the present. The summer adjournment of the Courts would allow the alterations to be made without inconvenience, while the few thousand dollars' worth of work given out among our mechanics would assist many worthy men in keeping their families from the almshouse during these stagnant times. At a comparatively trifling expenditure we are convinced that the wants of all the public officers could be met for some years to come.

TELEGRPH NEWS.

News Received by Telegraph on Saturday and Monday.

XXXVIIth CONGRESS—EXTRA SESSION.

WASHINGTON, July 22, 1861.

IN THE SENATE.

Mr. Simmons, of Rhode Island, introduced an amendment to the bill to increase the revenue, &c. Referred to the Committee on Finance.

The bill to increase the medical corps of the navy was taken up, and amended, so as to provide for filling vacancies in the Naval Academy, and passed.

The bill to provide iron-clad steamships and floating batteries passed.

A joint resolution, providing a Board of Examiners to examine the Stevens floating battery at Hoboken, N. J., was passed.

A bill providing for the confiscation of property of rebels found in arms against the Government, was taken up.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, offered an amendment, providing that any body held to service or labor, employed in any manner in aiding the rebellion against the Government, shall be forfeited to his master.

Mr. Breckinridge asked for the yeas and nays, which was agreed to.

Mr. Trumbull said he was glad the ayes and nays were called for. He wanted to see who would vote to allow the traitorous masters to employ slaves to shoot down Union men. If the Senator from Kentucky favor it, let him vote for it.

Mr. Breckinridge said the remarks of the Senator were not called for. He intended to do his duty according to his own ideas of the Constitution

Mr Wilson, of Massachusetts, said he should vote for it gladly. He thought the time had come when the Government should put a stop to traitors employing their bondmen to shoot down men fighting for their country. He hoped public sentiment would blast any Senator who defended traitors in doing such things.

Mr. Breckinridge said he supposed the Senator from Massachusetts was doing what he believed to be his duty, and he (Mr. B.) should do the same thing; and when the Senator attempted to deter him from doing his duty by intimating that public opinion here or elsewhere would blast him for doing what conscience said was right, he talks to the winds. He would use no unparliamentary language, but the Senator knows it is perfectly idle to make such attempts.

Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, thought it best to use all the liberality possible. The measure would not be of any real value.

The amendment was agreed to—Yeas 29, nays 9. Messrs. Breckinridge, Johnson of Missouri, Kennedy, Pearce, Polk and Powell voting negatively.

The bill then passed.

Mr. McDougal, of California, offered a resolution that it is the policy of the Government to organize an army of 150,000 men on the basis of the regular army. Referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

The joint resolution, approving of the acts of the President, was postponed until Wednesday.

The Senate then went into Executive session.

After the doors were opened, the bill to increase the military establishment, which had been returned from the House with amendments was taken up and the Senate refused to concur with the House.

A resolution to pay the widow of the late Senator Douglas, was reurned from the House with an amendment, to pay her $1030 for mileage. The Senate refused to concur.

A message was received from the President; and, after another Executive session, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill to refund the duties on arms imported by the States, which passed.

Mr. Blair, of Missouri, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill for the organization of a Volunteer Home Guard, to aid in enforcing the laws and protecting property in the several States where such may be deemed necessary, and for arming the same. Ordered to be printed.

Mr. McClernard, of Ill., having propounded a question as to the bill for the increase of the regular army,

Mr. Blair, of Missouri, responded by saying that the Senate had passed a bill adding new regiments, but the House amended it by substituting their own bill, providing for volunteers instead. The latter bill has gone to the Senate, where both bills are.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, called up the resolutions offered by him last week.

The first resolution, declaring that the present deplorable civil war was forced on the country by the disunionists of the Southern States now in revolt against the Constitutional Government, and in arms around the Capital, was adopted—yeas 121, nays 2. The latter being Messrs. Burnett, of Kentucky, and Reid, of Missouri.

The remainder of the resolutions were adopted—yeas 117, nays 2. The latter being Messrs. Potter and Rodney.

Mr. Wright, of Penna., offered a resolution declaring that the reverses of the army on the 21st, at Bull Run, caused by the rebel army, has in no manner impaired our ultimate success; that the love of the Union and Constitution is dear to twenty millions of people, and calling on all loyal citizens to respond, by furnishing men and money. Laid on the table.

Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, offered a resolution, calling on the Secretary of War to inform the House whether the so called Southern Confederacy, or any State thereof, has in its military service any Indians, and if so, what is their number and tribe.

Mr. Dunn, of Md., I move to extend the enquiry as to negroes.

Mr. Wickliffe, I have not been informed that they have negroes in their service.

Mr. Dunn—I have, and they shot down our men yesterday.

Mr. Dunn's amendment was adopted, and the resolution passed.

Mr. Horton, of Ohio, from the Committee on Ways and Ways, reported a bill, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay to the Governor of any State, or his duly authorized agent, the costs, charges, and expenses properly incurred by the said State for arming, equipping, transporting, &c., of its troops in aiding to suppress the present insurrection against the United States. Passed.

Mr. Elliott, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill, providing for a code of marine signals, adapted to secret service, and on military stations &c. Passed.

Mr. Sheffield, of R. I., from the same Committee, reported a bill, supplementary to an act entitled an act to protect the commerce of the United States, and to punish the crime of piracy. Adjourned.

Gen. McClellan to take Command of the Army on the Potomac.

Gen. Rosencrantz to Command in Western Virginia —The Potomac Corps d'Armee to be Reorganized —Reinforcements on the Way—Offensive Operations to be Resumed.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Gen. McClellan has been summoned by the Government from Western Virginia to Washington, to take command of the army on the Potomac. Gen. Rosencrantz takes his place in command of the army of Western Virginia.

The corps d'armee at Washington is to be instantly reorganized and increased, and the orders have already been given.

Offers of regiments, already raised, and being made, will be accepted with such rapidity as to insure that this will be accomplished in a few days.

Large reinforcements from various districts are already on their way hither, orders having been telegraphed for them yesterday, while the battle was in progress.

The Government entertains no fears for the safety of the Capital.

Preparations, not only for defensive, but for the renewal of offensive operations, are going on vigorously.

General McDowell has returned to his headquarters at Arlington Heights, and the regiments comprising his army will resume their positions, which most of them have already done.

Important from the South.

Large Sales of Tobacco in New Orleans—The Reported Landing of Arms—France and the Confederacy.

LOUISVILLE, July 20.—The report of heavy sales of tobacco having been recently made in New Orleans is confirmed, and it is said, on good authority, that the purchase was on account of the French Government. Of course, now that the tobacco is bought, it must be got to sea, and it is not improbable but what this will be the first test on the part of France of the strength of the blockade. Those who appear well informed, assert that the tobacco would never have been purchased, had it not been pretty clear that a way would be found to ship it to its destination.

The landing of arms and lead by the privateer Sumter at New Orleans, is by no means improbable, as the vessel in which they were shipped (the Bamberg) was off the Cuban Coast at about the same time as the Sumter with her sugar prizes. It is known positively that these arms and lead were on the Bamberg—and further, that on hearing of the blockade of the Mississippi, she made for Cuba, where she was fell in with by the Sumter, and her valuable freight transferred to the latter vessel. Such is the report, and it is believed to be substantially true. But how is it the Sumter can go in and out of the Louisiana ports in defiance of the blockade?

The Bamberg, which brought over the rifles, cannon and lead, is from Liverpool, is owned in New Orleans, and formerly run between that port and Havre.

Latest from Missouri—All Quiet.

JEFFERSON CITY, July 20.—A messenger from Col. McNiel, at Fulton, arrived here this evening, having left there at noon to-day. He reports everything quiet there and the wounded doing well. Col. Hammer is seven miles beyond there.

Lieut. Col. Brown, who arrived here yesterday, will take his command here, and Col. Boerstein will leave with his command for St. Louis on Monday.

Several companies of the Home Guard are stationed at the Fair Grounds at St. Louis, and all is quiet there.

Changes in Military Commands.

BALTIMORE, July 21.—Gen. Dix arrived here to-day, and will to-morrow supersede General Banks, who supersedes Gen. Patterson in command of the Northeast Department of Virginia and Pennsylvania.

The railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry will be completed to-morrow, making a connection with Winchester and Charlestown as well as Western Virginia.

☞ There were 367 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 93 were adults, and 274 children. There were 23 deaths from Consumption of the Lungs; 26 from Scarlet Fever; 71 from Cholera Infantum, and 13 from Small pox.

"HONESTY is the best policy," said one Scotchman to another, who had narrowly escaped hanging for robbery. "I know it," said the other, "for I have tried baith sides of the question."

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the North American at Father Point

FATHER POINT, July 22.—The steamship North American, from Liverpool on the 11th, via Londonderry on the 12th, passed here today. She has 174 passengers and $80,000 in specie.

The steamers Jura and City of Baltimore had arrived out.

The City of Glasgow sailed on the 10th, with nearly $190,000 in specie

Mazzini publishes a manifesto lamenting the present state of inaction, asserting that Italy and Turin, during the last six months, have lost, rather than gained ground, and calls on the Government to give a new impulse to Garibaldi's movement.

The Emperor of Austria replied as follows to the Hungarian Diet, on the occasion of their address:

"I have observed with satisfaction the dutiful readiness with which the estates and representatives of Hungary have met the desire I lately expressed, entertaining the hope that they will receive in the same spirit the reply I am about to make to the address of the Diet, solely for the interest of the country and the general good of my people. I will give this my reply as soon as possible.

Lord Hobart had resigned as the British Secretary of War. Sir G. C. Lewis has been spoken of for the Home Secretaryship. Lord Palmerston had received a deputation in relation to the slave trade. He stated that the rebuke he had administered to the Spanish Government had induced them to send to the coast of Africa a number of cruisers. The Government of the United States were now doing more than they ever did before to suppress the slave trade.

It is reported that the new French Minister to Turin will be M. Benedetti, who is said to have the strongest sympathy with the Italian cause.

The Paris Bourse was firm and animated at 67f. 65c.

Gen. DeFurrer, vice Lamoriciere declined, has resumed the command of the Pope's army.

The demand in the discount market was rather active, at 2½ a 2¾, but there were few transactions below the highest figure.

The Danish concession, upon which the projected Atlantic Telegraph was founded, was about to be transferred to new hands preliminary to the establishment of a working company to lay the cables.

Lord John Russell, in response to a deputation of Mexican bondholders, promised energetic measures against Mexico.

It is asserted that Prince Napoleon will probably visit America.

The Republican outbreak in Spain has been totally suppressed, and nearly all the leaders are in the hands of the troops.

It is reported that the Emperor of Russia was treated with great indignity at Moscow.

The bark Flight, of Boston, was captured by a British vessel on the coast of Africa, with 500 slaves on board.

Arrived, from Baltimore, P. Smith, at Deal.

Commercial Intelligence.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The sales of cotton for three days foot up 37,000 bales including 12,000 bales to speculators and exporters. The market firm at full the previous rates.

MANCHESTER TRADE REPORT.—The market for goods is said rather fully higher.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—Breadstuffs were generally quiet, and prices were steady. The weather had been favorable for the crops. Flour quiet at 25s. and 28s. Wheat dull, but prices steady. Red, 10s. 6d. a 11s. a 9s. White, 11s. a 12s. 6d. Corn steady. Mixed, 28s. 6d. a 29s. White, 31s. a 32s.

THE LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET closed steady. Beef firm and active for fine and medium. Pork steady. Bacon dull at 40s. a 41s. Lard steady at 49 a 50s. Tallow quiet; North American 49 a 49s. 6d.

Produce.—Rosin firm at 5s. 4d a 6s. 6d. Spirits Turpentine steady at 45 a 49s. Potatoes quiet at 28s. 6d. Pearl Ashes quiet at 34s. Sugar firm. Coffee steady. Philadelphia Bark, 10s. 6d.

LONDON MARKETS.—Baring & Brothers' circular reports Breadstuffs steady. Sugar firm. Coffee quiet. Tea quiet but steady. Rice steady. Tallow 50s. 6d. Linseed Oil had buyers at 30s. Turpentine firm, and all quelities had advanced to 52s. 6d.

AMERICAN SECURITIES.—Ill. Centrals 33¼ a 33¾ discount. Erie Railroad, 21¼ a 21¾.

Convicts Escaped from Clinton State Prison.

MURDER OF ONE OF THE KEEPERS.

[From the Albany Journal, July 15.]

On Friday last we received and published a despatch from Plattsburg announcing the escape of six prisoners from Clinton Prison and the revolt against the Constitutional Government, and in arms around the Capital, was adopted—yeas 121, nays 2. The latter being Messrs. Burnett, of Kentucky, and Reid, of Missouri.

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Large Sales of Tobacco in New Orleans—The Reported Landing of Arms—France and the Confederacy.

LOUISVILLE, July 20.—The report of heavy sales of tobacco having been recently made in New Orleans is confirmed, and it is said, on good authority, that the purchase was on account of the French Government. Of course, now that the tobacco is bought, it must be got to sea, and it is not improbable but what this will be the first test on the part of France of the strength of the blockade. Those who appear well informed, assert that the tobacco would never have been purchased, had it not been pretty clear that a way would be found to ship it to its destination.

The landing of arms and lead by the privateer Sumter at New Orleans, is by no means improbable, as the vessel in which they were shipped (the Bamberg) was off the Cuban Coast at about the same time as the Sumter with her sugar prizes. It is known positively that these arms and lead were on the Bamberg—and further, that on hearing of the blockade of the Mississippi, she made for Cuba, where she was fell in with by the Sumter, and her valuable freight transferred to the latter vessel. Such is the report, and it is believed to be substantially true. But how is it the Sumter can go in and out of the Louisiana ports in defiance of the blockade?

The Bamberg, which brought over the rifles, cannon and lead, is from Liverpool, is owned in New Orleans, and formerly run between that port and Havre.

Latest from Missouri—All Quiet.

JEFFERSON CITY, July 20.—A messenger from Col. McNiel, at Fulton, arrived here this evening, having left there at noon to-day. He reports everything quiet there and the wounded doing well. Col. Hammer is seven miles beyond there.

Lieut. Col. Brown, who arrived here yesterday, will take his command here, and Col. Boerstein will leave with his command for St. Louis on Monday.

Several companies of the Home Guard are stationed at the Fair Grounds at St. Louis, and all is quiet there.

Changes in Military Commands.

BALTIMORE, July 21.—Gen. Dix arrived here to-day, and will to-morrow supersede General Banks, who supersedes Gen. Patterson in command of the Northeast Department of Virginia and Pennsylvania.

The railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry will be completed to-morrow, making a connection with Winchester and Charlestown as well as Western Virginia.

☞ There were 367 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 93 were adults, and 274 children. There were 23 deaths from Consumption of the Lungs; 26 from Scarlet Fever; 71 from Cholera Infantum, and 13 from Small pox.

"HONESTY is the best policy," said one Scotchman to another, who had narrowly escaped hanging for robbery. "I know it," said the other, "for I have tried baith sides of the question."

Theatricals in this city are nearly at a dead halt. With the exception of Laura Keene, and the Winter Garden, all the first class theatres are closed, and these two establishments barely pay expenses. The sort of people who used to compose their audiences, have turned actors themselves, and are now taking part in a far more stirring drama than ever was represented on the mimic stage.

The Shoemakers are getting discontented. A great number are now on a strike and calling for the remainder to join them. Some of the men receive only forty-four cents a day for making soldiers' shoes, and have to find their own thread, wax and pegs, besides their bread and butter, out of that wretched pittance.

The importations of Dry Goods at this port during the past week, amounted to $226,398, against $4,490,748 corresponding period last year, and $3,989,103 same time year before. From 1st Jan. to date, $30,512,207; do. 1860, $56,922,676; do 1859, $62,584,236.

Foreign Exchange for the steamers of yesterday closed firm, though but little business was done. Sterling 105 a 107¼. These figures covered all transactions. Francs, 5f. 37½ a 5f. 27½.

The payments at the Sub-Treasury yesterday amounted to $751,543 66; receipts, $109,394 38, of which $16,000 was from customs; balance, $4,735,887 44.

Money matters are without change. The supply continues as abundant as ever, with a very moderate demand.

CLOSING PRICES OF STOCKS AT 3 O'CLOCK.

	Bid.	Ask'd.		Bid.	Ask'd.
U S 6s '81 reg	—	96	Reading RR	34¼	34¾
do. coup	55¾	56	Mich Cent R	41	41
Tenn St 6s	40	41	Mich S&NIR	13¾	14¼
Virginia 6s	46	47	do guar	29	28¾
Mo State 6s	40	40¼	Panama	107	110
Pac Mail S Co	69	70	Ill Cent RR	63	63¼
NY Cen R R,	74	74¾	Ill Cent bds	63	63¼
Erie R R	—	23¾	Gal & Chic	60¼	60¾
Hud Riv R R	33¾	33¾	Cleve & Tol	26	26¼
Harlem R R	10¼	10¾	Chic & Rk R	34¼	36
Do pref'd	25	25	Chi B & Q R	59	60

COTTON.—The market is quiet, but firm; 700 bales were sold at 15½ a 15¾c. for middling Uplands.

FLOUR.—The market for Western and State flour is steady; 15,000 bbls. are reported sold, at $4 a $4 10 for superfine Western, and $4 10 for amber Iowa. Rye is in fair request at 42 a 45 cts. Oats are selling at 32 a 33 cts. for Western and State.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is steady; 300 bbls. were sold at $9 50 a $10 for prime, and $15 37 for mess. Lard is selling at 8 a 9c. Butter and Cheese are steady, and prices are unchanged.

WHISKY.—The market is heavy; 300 bbls. were sold at 15¾ a 16c.

THE MARKETS.

MONEY MARKET.

The following abstract of Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season, as compared with last season:

ROADS.	Week.	Season.	Last Season.	Incr's.	Decr's
Reading	41,361	999,437	1,046,944	.....	47,507
Schyl N	27,597	517,034	643,526	.....	126,492
Lehi. N	26,709	388,028	460,690	.....	72,662
Leh. Val	12,652	443,251	442,845	406	.....
Del & L	26,967	566,925	517,277	51,498	.....
Shamok	4,328	99,994	88,049	11,944	.....
Trev'tn	555	22,812	49,299	.....	26,456
Lykens'	4,027	78,652	73,465	5,188	.....
Brd. Tp	7,642	112,880	99,435	13,445	.....
Barclay	1,705	15,989	12,169	3,820	.....
Del & H	23,272	270,482	191,751	78,731	.....
Pa. C'Co	24,273	251,659	239,879	11,780	.....
Totals.	201,690	3,769,171	3,865,479	176,738	273,147

The Newark (N. J.) Advertiser of Thursday, notices a breach in the Morris Canal on the previous day, a short distance above the Morris and Essex Railroad bridge. About twenty feet of the enbankment was carried away. Workmen are engaged on it, and navigation will probably be resumed on Monday. Those interested in the ownership of this canal and the public concerned in its trade are assured that none of the energy and efficiency of management that have made it what it is has been relaxed, but that the closest vigilence is continued in all its departments.

In every community there are men who are interested in keeping up two kinds of currency, not far enough apart in value to prevent the forcing one into the place of the other, but differing enough to leave a handsome profit on the operation. A difference of from 1 to 3 per cent. accomplishes the object. Accordingly we see that in Illinois, where they have just passed through a complete convulsion as to the price of a return to a sound basis, counties are already succeeding in forcing in a currency at a discount, by which means they fleece the regular business of Chicago of a sum, which in a year, mounts up to some $2,000,000. In our own State the same thing has been going on for a long time. Notes of non-specie paying banks are brought to Philadelphia,

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

LINES TO MARY.

I'm waiting for the cherry bloom to whiten,
Till we wander, as we wandered forth of old,
I'm waiting for the summer hills to brighten,
I'm waiting for the sunset clouds of gold.
I'm wondering if the old red mill is standing,
With its mossy roof, just where it stood of yore;
I'm wondering if the miller still is handing
The same old mill sacks through the open door.
Or if the old gray hat at last has vanished,
From underneath the willows evermore.

O! there have been so many, many changes,
Since last the cherry bloom was on the tree,
I love not now to take those long thought ranges,
For memory shows what time has stolen from me, [ing,
Since last we watched the swallows slowly fly-
Since last the wheel flashed in the summer sun,
I've gather'd relics of the beautiful, but dying,
I've shadows many, but I've substance none.
O! they were beautiful, those hopes, but dying,
The urn of memory holds them every one.

O! why's the soul forever, ever longing,
Forever dreaming of an unknown bliss;
Seeking to have the beautiful, unfading,
Belonging to another life, in this?
O! why are we forever, ever clinging
And calling back the beautiful, but dead,
Forever in the holy twilight bringing
The buried back from out their grassy bed?

Opening the chamber where the dust is lying,
Where summer sunlight has not peeped for years,
To see again in that old chamber dying, [tears?
The hopes we crushed, and buried there in
Ah, sing me, memory! I'm sad and lonely,
Bring back the picture of that sloping hill,
It is the only thing I love, the only, [mill.
That flashing wheel, and that old moss-grown

'Twas there I strayed, and had the bliss then seeming,
From out that other life in this to be,
And never dreamed, in all that blissful dreaming,
That life could lose its sunshine, I lose thee.
Ah, yes, the cherry bloom again *will* whiten,
But we will stray not by the old mill stream,
The summer sunshine on the hills will brighten,
But never bring again that old sweet dream.

Perhaps beneath the mossy roof, the swallows
Are clinging, as they used to cling of yore;
Perhaps the rocky echoes seem to call us,
To seek the old mill stream if but *once* more.
I'm waiting for the cherry bloom to whiten,
Till the y cross my hands, and make my grassy bed,
I'm waiting for the summer hills to brighten,
I'm waiting for the tombstone, and the dead.

JENNIE.

THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WATERMELONS.

As the watermelon is one of the most delicious luxuries of the summer season, it is proper that all the light concerning its cultivation, should be given to the community. There is no production on earth which improves more by cultivation than the watermelon. I shall give the best mode of cultivating them with which I am acquainted. To prepare the ground, holes should be dug about two feet square, and from fifteen to eighteen inches deep, and fill them two-thirds full with long manure and garden mould, packed down, and made very wet. The holes should then be filled to the top with rich mould, into which place, about a dozen seeds taken from the best watermelon. Cover them with a layer of well rotted compost. These hills should be eight or ten feet apart, and when the plants have come up, and have put forth five or six leaves, they should be separated; that is, the most plants should be taken out, leaving but four of the best plants in a hill. If the season should be dry, use water liberally. When the plant has put forth eight or ten leaves, the centre shoot should be taken off, so as to cause the vine to spread. The lateral shoots, however, should be taken off when six or eight inches long. This will cause the vine to spread still more. A very good plan is to cover a leaf joint with mould about three feet from the main hill, taking care not to cover up the leaf. The joint, thus covered, if well watered, will take root; which will give strength to and cause the vine to spread over the whole ground. No male blossoms should be taken off; but all improperly formed melons should be thrown away. Let the vine extend as far as it will, but if any of the lateral branches show a tendency to turn up, they should be extracted from the main vine. Be particular to suffer no melon to form within three feet from the hill. One melon only should grow on a side branch, and four or five to a plant. When those first melons have attained nearly their full size, a second series may be allowed to grow. Melons should not, on any account, be suffered to grow in the neighborhood of gourds, pumpkins, muskmelons, nor indeed [illegible] of the kind, for the *pollen* will mix, and [illegible]brid varieties are not produced, the [illegible] injured by the flavor of the gourd, or reduced in size. One thing I would particularly mention concerning the preparation of the land intended for melons. If it is desirable to have early melons, the ground should be covered with straw, fodder, or something else, to prevent its freezing during the winter. It requires a month or more in the Spring for the frost to get entirely out of the earth, and if this plan is pursued, your ground is ready as soon as the frost is over in the Spring. By pursuing the above plan, watermelons may be had not only earlier, but of the finest and of the largest kind. A little more labor is all the difference between this and the common careless mode; but the difference in the number, size, and flavor of the melon, will be great.

S. B. M.

Cambridge, Ohio, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CULTIVATION OF TURNIPS, &c.

There is no kind of fodder of which so much can be raised on an acre of ground as turnips, carrots, or mangel wurzels, and none so well calculated to keep stock in a healthy, growing condition, through our long severe winters. The moisture of the roots seems to give them an appetite for coarse and dry fodder, which they would otherwise scarcely eat, and certainly not keep fat on, as they do when a moderate allowance of turnips is given to them daily. All domestic animals will live in part upon them. Give horses two or three large turnips night and morning with their hay, and they will live with very little grain feed, and will be fat and full of life. Calves, lambs and sheep, and young stock, if given a small quantity of sliced turnips daily, can be kept in good growing condition—many farmers would say fat—all through the season. The mangel wurzel is the best root feed for milk cows, turnips give butter a strong flavor, especially during the first half of the winter, after which, they are less objectionable on this account. Every farmer will find it profitable to raise a quantity of these roots, for there can be no doubt but a good supply of succulent food for our farm stock, in connection with their dry forage, would conduce much to the health, thrift, and well-being of the animals, and the pecuniary interests of their owners. There is no difficulty in raising turnips on new land; but it is very desirable to know the best mode of raising them on old farms. Turn over an old sward the first week in June, spread on it two or three inches deep of well rotted manure, and harrow well length wise the furrows, so as not to disturb or overturn them; or plow up a wheat or barley stubble, and harrow fine. The soil should be rich, mellow, and rather moist for turnips; and as our summers are apt to be too hot and dry for the young plants, it is safest not to sow earlier than the last week in July, or the first week in August, and to choose a time when the ground is moist, or showers are likely to occur. From one-half to one pound of seed is sufficient for an acre if evenly sown. Many who go extensively into the turnip culture, plant in drills from two to three feet apart, and thin out the plants to about one foot asunder, and use the cultivator and hand hoe through them once or twice. But I have had very good success by sowing broadcast on good mellow land, free from weeds and grass. On good clean land, but little, if any, after culture is required. A heavy roller should be passed over the ground immediately after harrowing in the seed. A few bushels of plaster and lime sowed over the field immediately after putting in the seed, is beneficial in preserving the crop from insects, and to increase the size of the turnips.

BUCKEYE.

Chili, O., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

GRAIN GROWING vs. HAY CUTTING.

Now, when the wheels of the agricultural car are locked, and the farmer's holiday has come; when his roots are dug, and his grain is garnered, and all active labors in the field are ended, is the time to balance the annual ledger, to inquire more fully into past results, and devise new and more profitable schemes for the future. In the present article, I design to look at the case of the Eastern farmer, whose possessions lie nearer the Atlantic seaboard. In the latter days of railway transportation, the people of the Eastern and New England States have met with an overpowering opposition in the culture of grain, from the settlers of the great Western prairies, where the native richness of soil, uncultivated for years, needs only its surface to be broken, and the seed embedded, to yield a bountiful harvest. But with us of the Eastern States it is not so. Here our land must first be subjected to a long and expensive preparatory course of fertilization, causing the expenses in many cases to exceed the profits. Hence, our Western brethren, from their easy mode of culture, devoid of all extra expenses, are enabled, notwithstanding the distance, to get their produce into market at much less cost than we who are living in its immediate vicinity. We must, therefore, leave the cultivation of corn and wheat, so long the principal staples of our forefathers, and find some other more profitable field of labor. Leaving out, then, the cereal grains here mentioned, we have left us as the most profitable branches of agricultural labor, which I think the experience of a few years past will show, the cutting of hay, and market gardening. Of the former of these, objection is made by many, on the ground of the amount of labor required, and the impoverishing of land; but to all that we would say, that our own experience for the last ten years, has proven to us that there is no article so easily turned into money, finds so ready a market, or can be sold for a greater profit on the actual cost than good English hay. Of the latter system I need only add a word; its obvious advantages to those living near the large cities and villages being the daily market for their produce, and the small amount of ground necessary for successful cultivation; while to those farther inland, the more substantial vegetables, as potatoes, turnips, beets, cabbage, &c., open a field of labor, from which the profits accrued, if rightly carried on, none need have reason to complain. I will notice in closing a bill now before the Albany Legislature, requiring that all hay must be marked with both the gross weight, and also the tare, the actual weight of hay, and the weight of wood necessary in baleng. This is an imposition and restriction, both unjust and uncalled for, the present mode being fair and open, with no chance for deception or cheat. The farmer sends his hay to market open for inspection, and the buyer should consult his own interest, look, examine, and decide for himself. There being no compulsion, I contend that there can be no system more just than the one at present adopted; and should this new bill become a State law, it is high time that the farmer's interest had better and more powerful advocates in the legislative Councils at Albany.

S.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PLUM GROWING.

Most people can, as some casual circumstance carries them back forty years to the time of their childhood, tell their children what luscious plumsour folks, uncle John, or grandfather's people had, when they lived at home. Why do we not have them, mother? The probable answer to this question would be, "they will not grow." With the exception of a few isolated portions of the country, as far as I am acquainted, little else remains of that desirable tree but an unsightly mass of dark swollen branches, with no foliage to relieve the offending sight. This state of things ought not so to be; and reader, I believe all that is wanting to restore this much loved fruit, coveted alike by child and housewife, is a knowledge of its propagation for you to engage in it at once. A fruit so easily and rapidly grown, so good a substitute for the peach, ought to be more generally cultivated. The Black Wart, as it is called, is the great pest and scourge which has despoiled us of so much good fruit, so many sweetmeats. In succeeding communications, I will endeavor to tell you how to cultivate this fruit, and dodge this disease. My theory is confirmed by some eight or ten years' experience; and here let me say, I am not writing for the benefit of experienced pomologists, for those, I hope, know better than I can tell them. Nor to the credulous or faithless, nor to those who are too shiftless to make an effort, nor to that class who prefer to purloin rather than produce the fruit which they eat; nor to the man who expects not to survive the fruiting, if he should the planting of his trees, for such men do not care to leave the world in a better condition than they found it. But to the man or woman, young man or maiden, particularly the young husband just locating for a life time with the laudable desire to make home so agreeable and attractive, so lovely to his wife and future family, that no spot on earth in comparison shall be desirable. To that brother and sister whose parents have neglected those embellishments of home, indeed to all who would like to enjoy this fruit at the expense of a little effort and lapse of time for its culture, is this and future communications directed.

G H. BROWN.

New Haven, Addison Co., Vt., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FARMING vs. MERCANTILE LIFE.

It can hardly be said, at the present day, that the mercantile life holds out to our young men greater inducements than agriculture. The follower of the plow is rising to his true station in society, and farming is not only a profitable, but an *honorable* calling. Yet how many of our young men, as soon as they are of age, leave the old homestead, its broad acres and its breezy hills, for the dusty streets of the city. They see the merchant prince roll along the pavement in his splendid equipage, and they dream that they may one day be as rich as he. That the sails of their ships may yet whiten ever sea, and they be surrounded by all that boundless wealth can give. They will not toil on, year after year, on the same hillside, "from morning light to day's decline;" until the winter's snow and the summer's rain shall have sprinkled with gray their locks. They will seek the city, and quickly amass a fortune. Ah, little do they dream of the weary days and sleepless nights they must pass, ere the golden dream can be realized. Young man, let not the glare and glitter of the city allure you from the good old plow. In the city, all is noise, and dust, and confusion. High walls shut out the glad light of day, or its beams fall but upon rattling pavements. How different in the country? Here we tread the green turf, with no canopy over our heads save the unpillowed dome of heaven. It is to the farmer that the great Book of Nature is always open. He has the promise that while the earth lasts, seed-time and harvest shall not fail. The beauties of Nature are always spread out before him, leading his heart in gratitude up to Nature's God. He may not be rich in this world's goods, but he will be rich in the possession of sound health and a brave heart. And when the battle of life is over, when "he has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain," sweet will be his slumbers on the sunlit hillside, where for so many years he saw the soft grass springing up, or the golden grain waving to the sunset.

Ashland, Mass., 1861. RUSTICUS.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

LONGEVITY OF FARMERS.

It appears from the Reports by the Secretary of State of Massachusetts, that a singular fact presents itself greatly in favor of the farmer in the length of life, and consequently freedom of disease. Those in other avocations in life, appear only to arrive to a much less average; and especially of mechanics, who, as a class, would approximate the nearest, and who attain only to that of forty-six, to the farmer's sixty-four. This astonishing difference may well require some attention of the public mind, and institute at least some investigation why it is so on the part of the mechanical community? No doubt he whose occupation is to till the soil, is practising that which most conduces to his nature; and the one which has the best assurances of a long and healthful life. There can be no questionable doubt but those employed in agriculture pre-eminently enjoy the advantage of a pecuniary nature, as well as of a much longer earthly existence; the difference in wages between the farmer and the mechanic is, to many, more apparent than real. The business of the farmer in general is not fluctuating. Nature lavishes upon him her bounties with a liberal hand; and no one has more thanks or obligations to return to the Great Husbandman than he. It is true there are avocations in life that command for the time being very liberal compensations; but when we consider the perplexities attending such business, the close attention and skill called in requisition, and the ups and downs of the times, what farmer would exchange his avocation for an uncertainty, and one entirely discordant with a free and almost entirely unperplexing occupation. This freedom from care greatly inspires in his bosom kindly and ennobling feelings which tend to promote longevity. A long life, and a useful one can be the general lot of the farmer, if so disposed; whilst a majority of those in other avocations, we may add, find premature graves.

Amesbury, 1861. E. M. H.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TO PROTECT GARDEN PLANTS FROM BUGS.

I have been in the habit for several years, of sprinkling my cabbage, tomatoes, and other garden plants, with a solution of Nitrate of Potash. I have succeeded in this way, to preserve my plants without the loss of any; while my neighbors have complained much of the destruction of bugs on young plants of various kinds. The Chlorate of Potash has been used this season with universal success throughout a portion of our country, and no doubt has saved thousands of dollars to our farmers and gardeners, that otherwise would have been lost. The remedy is sure, and the cost trifling. The proportions are: chlorate of potash, one ounce; water, two gallons. Sprinkle very little each evening.

A. S. H.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FARM IMPROVEMENTS.

Now that harvesting is over, it is a good time to look over our farms, and see what can be done in the way of improvements. Here are some rocks, that we have mowed and plowed around for years; let us dig around them and get them out, and lay them up into a good stone wall, in place of some of our wooden fence that is always going to decay, and breaking down; and we shall have a permanent fence, with the materials on the spot to repair with. Here is a piece of land that is rather moist in the Spring, it would be better if it was well drained. Digging is hard work; therefore, we want to use a little common sense, and our best judgment, in laying out our drains, to most effectually drain off the water; if we have not much experience in the business, we may, perhaps, learn something from the experience of others; we will look over the back numbers of our Agricultural Journal, and see what we can find on the subject. If we have small stones to move, it will save time in the Spring to get them out of the way this Fall; if we dig a ditch, we can move them right into the bottom of it, and cover them up out of the way, where they will be of some service; put them deep enough, so that we can plow over them without disturbing them in the least.

FARMER.

Merrimack Co., N. H.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WATER FOR CATTLE.

Passing along through our State, one will see, in nine cases out of ten, that when the farmers possess natural watering privileges, their stock is left to water themselves without aid of human invention. I refer to the foddering part of the year. These farmers usually exult over this privilege, and think that much time and expense is saved, to which their less fortunate neighbors are subjected. They do not realize that perhaps farm stock does not like to slide over ice, and wade through snow, as well as their children do, and that in consequence, their wants are not supplied, and they grow thin and poor. Besides, there is much valuable manure lost, which, with appreciating farmers, is quite an item. In my opinion, a much neater, and better way is, where there is a spring above the yard, to convey the water through a lead pipe; or, what is better, the wooden pipe, manufactured by J. S. Hobbie, Rochester, N. Y., to a cistern in the yard. Where there is no such spring above, and water below, use a chain pump or hydraulic ram. In either case, the expense will be but little, and vastly counterbalanced by the advantages gained.

E. T. L.

Pomfret, Vermont, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

CURRANTS.—As currants are just now in season, the following recipes for currant wines, preserves, jams and jellies, may not be unacceptable to the readers of the Newspaper.

Currant Wine.—Wash and press fully ripe currants, and to every gallon of juice, add two gallons of water, ten pounds of sugar, three gills of brandy, and three-fourths of an ounce of pulverized alum. Put into a clean cask. In the following Spring draw off the wine, add one gill of brandy to each gallon, and put into clean casks or bottles. It is then fit for use, though it improves by age.

Currant Preserves.—With scissors, clip off the head and stalks of the currants, and to every pound of berries so prepared, add half a pint of currant juice, and a pound and a half of loaf sugar. Boil ten or fifteen minutes, carefully removing the scum as it rises. This preserve is excellent.

Currant Jam.—Pick the fruit very nicely. Add an equal quantity of loaf sugar, putting a layer of each alternately into the preserving pan and boil for ten minutes.

Currant Jelly.—Pick fully ripe currants from the stems; place them in a jar, and simmer the jar in hot water; let them scald for some time, then squeeze them through a flannel bag; add a pound of loaf sugar to each pint of juice; boil fifteen or twenty minutes, skimming it all the time; put it into glasses while warm, and when cold, seal it up. This jelly is recommended as a cure for sore throats and colds. Mixed with water, it becomes an excellent and refreshing beverage.

BUCKEYE.

Chili, O., 1861.

PICKELED BLACKBERRIES.—To one pound of berries, take half pound of sugar, and half cup of vinegar. Scald the sugar and vinegar together, pour it over the berries hot, let it stand two or three days, then drain it off, and boil it until it will keep.

B. A. J.

Pike, Bradford Co., Pa., 1861.

HAY MAKING.

The Ohio Farmer gives the following directions for making hay:

"Don't dry your hay too much. Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee maker would say, 'Don't burn your coffee, but brown it;' so say we, don't dry your hay, but cure it. Our good old mothers, who relied much on tea instead of 'pothecary medicine,' gathered their herbs when in blossom, and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making good hay. Cut in the blossom, and cure in the shade. The sugar of the plant when it is in blossom, is in the stalk, ready to form the seeds. If the plant is cut earlier, the sugar is not there; if later, the sugar has become changed to woody fibre. Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but cured in the cock. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If, on putting it into the barn, there be danger of 'heating the mow,' put on some salt. Cattle will like it none the less. Heat, light and dry winds will soon take the starch and sugar, which constitute the goodness of hay, out of it, and with the addition of showers, render it almost worthless. Grass cured with the least exposure to the drying winds and searching sunshine, is more nutritious than if longer exposed, however good the weather may be. If ever cured, it contains more woody fibre and less nutritive matter. The true art of hay-making, then, consists in cutting the grass when the starch and sugar are most fully developed, and before they are converted into seed and woody fibre, and curing it up to the point when it will answer to put it into the barn without heating, and no more."

ETIQUETTE.

USAGES IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

MARRIAGE.

When a man marries it is presumed that all his bachelor acquaintanceship ends. He can renew his friendships by sending cards or invitations, but where he neglects to do so, the party neglected may be sure that no further intercourse is desired. There are various reasons for this. In the first place, a bachelor need not be so particular in his choice of companions as a man of family who has a social reputation to achieve. For amusement, while unmarried, he may associate freely with those whose morals and habits would not exactly accord with the proprieties of domestic life. After marriage his reputation must be unexceptionable if he expects to be recognized among persons of refinement. There is still another reason why he may discard bachelor acquaintances. A newly married pair may wish to limit the circle of their friends, from praiseworthy motives of economy. When a man first "sets up" in the world, the burden of an extensive and indiscriminate acquaintance may be felt in various ways. Many have had cause to regret the weakness of mind which allowed them to plunge into a vortex of gayety and expense they could ill afford, from which they have found it difficult to extricate themselves, and the effects of which have proved a serious evil to them in after-life.

Ladies, after an engagement to marry, should be cautious of receiving any attentions whatever from gentlemen. Lovers are naturally jealous of any such attentions, however innocent or frivolous.

If, after engagement, a lady should wish to go to a place of public amusement, or to a concert, or even to an evening meeting, she should not accept an invitation to go with a gentleman other than her lover, except it be a near relative, such as her brother or an elderly uncle. To go with any other gentleman, except by permission of her intended husband, would be exceedingly improper.

It is the lady's privilege to name the day for marriage, and the lover should leave the arrangement exclusively to her. He ought never to urge her to hasten the event contrary to her wishes, as the lady may have reasons that he cannot appreciate for a more remote day for the nuptials than he desires.

The bridal outfit, which is furnished by the relatives of the bride, usually consists of clothing and necessary family linen. Some opulent fathers will add to these a house and furniture. Jewels are not usually comprised in an outfit. They are presented by the bridegroom. Bridal presents consists of any useful or ornamental article for the use of the bride, whether to adorn her person, for the toilet, or for house-keeping. Sometimes dress-patterns are given, but they are not appropriate, as the colors may not please her.

Some ladies put on a travelling dress, get married in a hurry, and start at once for the cars or steamboat. This is not the correct way. A bride should be dressed in white, with white veil and a wreath of orange flowers on her head. After the ceremony is over, and she has received the congratulations of friends, she can put on her travelling dress and hasten away as fast as she pleases. If, from motives of economy, you conclude to go through the ceremony in your travelling dress, you should only invite a few intimate friends to be present.

The bridegroom should wear a black dress coat and trowsers, white vest, and black cravat. Let us entreat him not to commit the solecism against good taste of wearing a white cravat, which gives an inexpressibly silly look to the most intellectual countenance in the world.

The bride may have one or half-a-dozen bridesmaids at her choice. No particular number being fixed, it is often determined by the number of sisters or of intimate friends she may have. The bridesmaids should be dressed in white, all alike, and wear orange flower bouquets.

If there is a bridal breakfast, or collation, the bride should retain her bridal dress until that is over. She can then put on her travelling dress.

After the departure of the newly married couple, cards are issued, and wedding cake forwarded to their numerous friends. The cards usually contain an appointment of a certain day (or two or three days if necessary) when they will be "at home" to receive visits of congratulation. Cards and cake are also sent to distant friends—those residing even hundreds of miles away. The cake is often omitted, and the cards sent by mail.

When a bride attends the first party after marriage, she usually trims her hair with orange flowers.

A new married couple is not expected to give parties at their house for the first year; but after that time they must no longer play the part of exceptional beings, but blend with the herd, and give and take as others do.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;
There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill;
And bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
Where sheaves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field is reaped, Heaven's garners to fill,
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice on the wind like a spirit's low cry—
'Tis the muster-roll sounding—and who shall reply?
For those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait that last trump which they may not delay;
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly.

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,
And the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed,
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning;
While Victory looks on, like a queen, pale and proud,
Who awaits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;
The vain pomps of the peace time are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dread battle-day;
Nor coffin's nor shroudings are here;
Only relics that lay where thickest the fray—
A rent casque and a he dless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe,
Like a storm-wave's retreating, spent, fitful and slow,
With sound like their spirits, that faint as they go
By yon red-glowing river, whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow,
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled! They are gone! But, oh, not as they came.
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game;
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of fame;
Never lift the stained sword which they drew;
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name;
Never marshal the fleld and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and lorn,
They stole on our ranks in the midst of the morn;
Like the giant of Gaza their strength it was shorn,
Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky;
From the flash of our steel a new day-break seemed born,
As we sprung up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death lots are cast,
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last
Do ye dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?
Would ye free it once more, O, ye brave?
Yes! the broad road to honor is red where ye passed,
And of glory ye asked but a grave!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARMY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Gen. McClellan's Triumphant March.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from Bealington, on the 8th and 10th instant, gives in detail the march of McClellan, leading to the splendid results which have been already mentioned in the rout of Garnett's force.

It appears that the march began on Sunday evening, the 7th instant, everything being kept quiet, even from the men, and the moving force was about 5000 men. The narrative shows the difficulties the men had to encounter, which adds to the credit of their achievement:

By two o'clock in the morning the whole column was fairly in motion. The night was cloudy, and in the darkness we could only faintly discern the gleam of the bayonets nearest to us, while the steady tramp alone told us of the passage of an army. The road wound through the valleys, and occasionally climbed the precipitous hills which skirt the upper portion of the Tygart's Valley River. Our main safety in passing over this road, with its sudden curves, abrupt descents, and abundant natural ambuscades, lay in the secresy and suddenness of our departure.

There was every opportunity for ambuscades and masked batteries; and as the enemy was supposed to have been expecting our movement along this road for weeks, the natural inference was, that they were prepared to resist it.

Finally, about half-past seven o'clock, the first gun was heard. The enemy's pickets were firing. Our skirmishers made a rush, and away went the pickets, running like quarter nags. Down went the column through a narrow gorge; it wound rapidly around a hill, and out we came in full view of the heights we were ordered to occupy; with our skirmishers just chasing in the last of the pickets, and a few of the rebel officers.

In half an hour after our arrival, the disposition of the force, to meet an immediate attack was complete; our position, perfectly cooping up the enemy, who had been shut through the forehead by the enemy, while bravely dashing ahead with his company of skirmishers into a wood occupied by the enemy, just beyond our advance. The march had been a very rapid one, and our men were too much exhausted to think of doing more than stationing the guards, before sinking down on the ground to sleep.

Monday morning, with daylight, the skirmishing began again. It was known that Gen. Morris was positively forbidden by McClellan's orders to do more than take and hold the position here, so as to coop up the enemy till the other column should arrive, and the boys were determined to provoke the rebels into an attack if possible. Through the forenoon the regular bush warfare was waged. Each had learned the range of the other's guns, and greater caution was observed than during the skirmishing of the evening before.

Meanwhile the operations of the enemy were carefully watched from the surrounding heights. With a glass we could count their tents, distinguish the men and observe the color of their uniforms, discover the position of their artillery, and form a very good idea of the nature of their defences. The camp is situated on the western declivity of the Laurel Hill, (or mountain,) about one-fourth the way from the top, and on the right of the road to Beverly, which winds over the mountain at the only passable spot for miles. In front of it runs a strong breastwork, which we supposed to extend to each side also, though this could not be seen from the position we occupied. In the centre of the camp is a large parade ground, on each side of which are the tents. On the upper side of the parade ground is a structure which we supposed to be a sort of fort, with salient angles, (views from other points of observation have since confirmed that impression, though it is still far from certain.)

While making these observations, two large bodies formed on the parade ground, and marched off down the pike in good order, toward our encampment. We had mounted couriers with us, and one was immediately despatched to head-quarters with this information, which subsequently proved to be of considerable importance.

Descending from our position in the afternoon, we found that a couple of companies of skirmishers had been sent out to meet the advance of the bodies we had seen marching down the road out of the enemy's camp. The skirmishing, which had been kept up briskly all day, was beginning to be much more lively, and it was evident that the wooded hill opposite our breastwork, and just beyond the village, was full of the enemy. Their fire seemed directed not only against our skirmishers, but also against the artillerymen standing at their guns, and the troops within the breastworks. Going down to the artillery, I found the balls came rolling overhead and striking as far back as the position of the Seventh Indiana. Several soldiers had been struck by spent balls. Finally, a bullet struck the sabre of an artillery officer. This was getting a little too warm, and rapidly sighting his gun, he dropped a shell in the wood in the direction from which the balls came. For a little while the enemy seemed repulsed; then they returned and began a sharp fire on our skirmishers. To aid the latter another shell was thrown forward the rebels. Our boys instantly sprung forward the moment the shell burst, and poured in a galling volley among the enemy, picking off particularly the mounted officers.

As soon as their pieces were discharged the boys hurried back to the trees and fallen logs, behind which they concealed themselves. In their charge they had discovered that it was the Georgia regiment with which they were engaged, backed by a strong force of cavalry.

For a few moments all was quiet; then the rattle of musketry began again, our men apparently giving and taking in about equal proportions. An occasional shot from the enemy was still whistling around the artillery. The gun was changed to the direction indicated, and another bomb sent flying into the midst of the rebels. Instantly our boys sprang forward, as the Georgians ran from the bursting shell, and poured in a deadly volley. For a few moments the fire was incessant, and our fellows were seen pushing farther and farther up into the woods. Suddenly they came flying back, and took refuge behind the logs and trees. The artillery threw another shell, and the boys sprang forward again, charged upon the scattering Georgians, drove them beyond their own entrenchments on the top of the hill, and actually chased them within half a mile of their camp. There they kept up a straggling fire on the rebels till dusk, when they fell into line and marched down to camp, as jolly and indifferent as if they were not right under the eye of the enemy they had been fighting.

Altogether, this skirmish was a most spirited affair. The portions of two companies engaged (one from the Fourteenth Ohio and the other from the Ninth Indiana, with stragglers from several of the other regiments) bore themselves nobly, and proved a fair match for the crack Georgia regiment, backed as it was with their cavalry. The enemy had every advantage. They were in possession of a high hill, covered with a dense forest; they had their breastworks erected on the top of the hill, and their cavalry was ready to charge upon our skirmishers whenever they ventured out from behind their trees and attempted to advance in anything like military order. It was our shells that did the business. The Georgians couldn't stand bombs, and after the first explosion it was utterly impossible for their officers to rally them.

Our boys stood fire nobly. In fact, during the skirmish, but before any shells had been thrown, a Georgian, who was behind a tree, some distance from one of our men, called out to him, "What troops are you?" One soldier, squinting around his tree, and seeing that there was no chance for a shot at his questioner, replied: "Ohio and Indiana volunteers." "Volunteers! hell," exclaimed the Georgian, "you needn't tell me that volunteers stand fire that way!"

The peculiarity of the skirmish, Monday afternoon, was that our boys acted almost entirely without orders. There was but a single officer with them, and they didn't appear to act under his direction. When a shell was thrown, they would shout, "Now, give it to them" and forward the whole party would rush. When the enemy recovered, and began to return the fire, some fellow would sing out, "Rally, to your logs," and rally they did, with an activity very provoking to the Georgians.

The loss of the enemy in the affair was about twenty. Some of their officers were shot, among them one who fell but an instant before his horse was shot. When we gained possession of the wood yesterday, the dead horse was there, with a pair of navy revolvers still in the holsters on the saddle, engraved "S. N. Gaines, Charlotte Troops."

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S VIEWS

On the Power of Government.

A correspondent furnishes us with the following extract from a letter, written by George Washington to Henry Lee, under date of October 31, 1786, on the subject of Shay's rebellion in that year. His views and recommendations are as applicable to the present time as they were to the rebellion in progress at the time they were written. Washington says:

"You talk, my good sir, of employing influence to appease the present tumult in Massachusetts. I know not where that influence is to be found, nor, if attainable, that it would be a proper remedy for these disorders. Influence is not government. Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties and properties will be secured, or let us know the worst at once. Under these impressions, my humble opinion is that there is a call for decision.

"Know precisely what the insurgents aim at. If they have real grievances, redress them, if possible, or acknowledge the justice of them and your inability to do it in the present moment. If they have not, employ the force of the Government against them at once. If this is inadequate, all will be convinced that the superstructure is bad, or wants support. To be more exposed in the eyes of the world and more contemptible is hardly possible. To delay one or the other of these expedients is to exasperate on the one hand or to give confidence on the other, and will add to their numbers; for, like snow-balls, such bodies increase by every movement, unless there is something in the way to obstruct and crumble them before their weight is too great irresistible.

"These are my sentiments. Precedents are dangerous things. Let the reins of Government, then, be braced with a steady hand, and every violation of the Constitution be reprehended. If defective, let it be amended, but not suffered to be trampled upon while it has an existence."

MOWING MACHINES.

Conservation of Force in Nature.

A very interesting lecture on this topic was lately delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, by Professor Helmotz, F. R. S., and it has been published in the Chemical News. We find several interesting paragraphs in it relating to the science of mechanics. He stated that the most important progress in natural philosophy, by which the present century is distinguishable, has been the discovery of a general law which rules all the branches of physics and chemistry. This law is of as much importance for the highest speculations on the nature of forces as for practical investigations on the construction of machines. This law, according to Professor Rankine, might be called the conservation of energy; because it does not relate to intensity of force, but to the whole amount of power which can be gained by any natural process, and by which a certain amount of work can be done. Clocks and smaller machines and water wheels are moved by gravity, through a falling weight and falling water.

The weight of a body, whether it is solid or fluid, which descends from a higher to a lower place, is a motive power, and can be applied to every kind of mechanical work. The power of a weight to do work is measured by the product of the height to which it is raised, and the weight itself. A falling weight can raise another weight, and falling water can raise a hammer or weight expressed by its weight in pounds, multiplied by the height to which it is raised in feet. The amount of work is never greater than the product of the weight of water falling down, and the height to which it is raised. We have another form of motive power—that is, velocity. The velocity of any body producing work is called its *vis viva*, or the living force of that body. We have an example of this in the ball of a gun. When shot off, and has a great velocity, it has an immense power for destroying; but when it has lost its velocity, it is harmless. Its destructive power depends upon its velocity. In the same sense, the velocity of the air is motive power, and by it windmills are driven, and mechanical work of various kinds performed. Therefore velocity in itself is a motive force.

We measure mechanical work by foot-pounds, and the amount of heat we measure by the quantity of heat necessary for raising the temperature of water one degree. The quantity or unit of heat necessary to raise the temperature of a pound of water one degree Centigrade or Fahrenheit, has been determined by Mr. Joule, of Manchester, England. The quantity of heat necessary for raising the temperature of a pound of water one degree Centigrade, is equivalent to the mechanical work by which the same mass of water is raised to 1,389 feet or for one degree of Fahrenheit one pound of water is lifted through 772 feet. This is called Joule's equivalent.

If we take the elasticity of a bent spring, it can do work; it moves clocks and watches. These springs are bent by the force of the human arm, and they become reservoirs of mechanical power, which is communicated to the wheels. The whole power conserved in a bent spring may be given out slowly, as in a clock; or quite sudden, as when shot in a crossbow. The elasticity of the air as a power may be conserved, like a bent spring, by compression, and communicated suddenly to a ball to shoot it with great velocity, as in an air-gun. The power is communicated to the ball in the form of *vis viva*. The elasticity of compressed gases is also the motive power of the steam engine; but in this case the vapor is compressed by the heat communicated from the fuel in the furnace. The equivalence of the mechanical motive power has been the subject of deep research, and has excited great interest. It has been proved that when heat produces mechanical work, a certain amount of it disappears. Heat, on the other hand, can also be produced by mechanical power, through the friction of surfaces and concussion of bodies. Iron can be highly heated by striking it with a hammer upon an anvil.

It has been thus proved that the heat cannot be ponderable matter, because it can be converted into mechanical power. In the steam engine heat is the origin of the power, but the heat is produced by burning fuel; therefore the origin of the motive is in the fuel, or rather in the chemical forces of the fuel and the oxygen with which it combines during combustion. Chemical forces can therefore produce mechanical work which can be measured by the same units as any other mechanical force. We may consider that chemical forces as attractions, as the attraction of the carbon of the fuel for the oxygen of the air produces heat, just as the attraction of the earth produces work by attracting a body such as a weight or falling water. The energy of every force in nature may be measured by foot pounds, and the energy of the whole system of nature under the influence of an exterior body must be constant; it cannot be lessened or increased by change. The whole universe represents such a system of bodies endowed with different sorts of forces or energy, therefore the amount of working power or energy in the whole universe must remain the same; it is unalterable.

SPEAKING HIS MIND.

Old Deacon Hobhouse had a habit of frequently thinking aloud. Especially if any matter troubled him, he had to talk over it with himself before his peace of mind could be restored. One day he was alone in his barn, pitching hay from the scaffold to the mow, when his neighbor Stevens went to find him. Stevens heard a voice and listened. It was the deacon talking to himself. He was condemning in the strongest terms the extravagance of the minister's wife.

"She sets a worse example than Satan!" exclaimed the deacon, by way of climax.

And having freed his mind, he was preparing to come down the loft, when Stevens glided out of the barn, and returned in again just as the deacon landed on the floor.

"How d'e do, deacon?" cried Stevens, "I want to borrow your half bushel an hour or two."

"O, sartin, sartin